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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

OF

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on **Monday, the 30th day of January, 1922.**

The Directors submit herewith the Statement of Accounts for the half-year ending 31st December, 1921.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, and bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to ..	£47,515	3	4
To which has to be added:—			
Balance of undivided profits from last Account	12,794	6	1
	£60,309	9	5
The Directors have transferred to the Reserve Fund the sum of	£20,000	0	0
And they recommend that the balance be applied as follows, viz.:—			
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of Nine per cent. per annum (subject to deduction of Income Tax)	22,500	0	0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account	5,000	0	0
To next Account	12,809	9	5
	£60,309	9	5

The sub-branch at Crossmaglen has been converted into a permanent branch, and sub-branches have been opened in Kilnaleck, Blessington, Ramelton, Milford, and Castlewellan.

The Directors retiring by rotation are MR. WILLIAM ROBERT NOLAN and MR. JOHN MURPHY. They are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

In conformity with the provisions of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, it will be necessary for the Shareholders to elect an Auditor for the ensuing year. MR. JEREMIAH BUCKLEY, the present Auditor, offers himself for re-election.

By Order of the Board,

ALFRED T. COLLINS,
General Manager.

DUBLIN, 13th January, 1922.

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED.

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1921. Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Capital, viz.:—100,000 Shares of £20 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £5 per Share	500,000 0 0	
,, Reserve Fund	210,000 0 0	
,, Deposit, Current, and other Credit Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits	16,156,094 18 10	
,, Sundry Agents	25,127 18 8	
,, Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity	12,791 14 3	
,, Profit and Loss Account ... £60,309 9 5		
Less: Transferred to Reserve Fund ... £20,000 0 0	40,309 9 5	
	£16,944,324 1 2	

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Cash in hand and with Bankers ...	1,692,768 13 0	
,, Treasury Bills	1,500,000 0 0	
,, Investments, viz.:—		
War Loans and other Government Stocks	7,258,748 3 7	
Colonial Government Stocks, Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks and Mortgage Bonds, and other Securities ...	492,602 0 0	
	10,944,118 16 7	
,, Bills Discounted, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc.	5,760,849 5 10	
,, Sundry Agents	59,010 9 10	
,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 56 Branches), written down to	180,345 8 11	
	£16,944,324 1 2	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ending 31st December, 1921.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Expenses of Management, including Directors' Fees, Salaries, Pensions and Allowances, Bonuses and Grants to Staff, Rents, Rates, Repairs, Inland Revenue Taxes, and all other outlay ...	125,229 18 7	
,, Amount transferred to Reserve Fund	20,000 0 0	
,, Dividend to be paid in Feb., 1922, subject to deduction of Income Tax £22,500 0 0		
,, Bank Premises Acct. 5,000 0 0		
,, Balance to next Acct. 12,809 9 5	40,309 9 5	
	£185,539 8 0	
By Balance from last Account ...		12,794 6 1
,, Gross Profits for Half-year, after providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, and Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies		172,745 1 11
		£185,539 8 0

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required in the course of my examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

I have verified the Investments. They stand in the Balance Sheet at the prices current on 30th December, 1921. I have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in my opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

JEREMIAH BUCKLEY (KEAN & Co.),
Chartered Accountant, Auditor.

DUBLIN, 13th January, 1922.

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VOL. XI. No. 41.

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

MARCH 1922

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☞ STUDIES is published in the months of March, June, September and December.

Single Copies - - 3s. 6d. net (postage 3d.).
Annual Subscription, post free to all countries, 15s. net.

Editorial Offices: 35 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.
Publishing Offices: The Educational Company of Ireland Ltd., 89 Talbot Street, Dublin.

CONNRADH NA GAEDHILGE.

SEACHTMHAIN NA GAEDHILGE.

(Irish Language Week.)

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29 CEARNÓG PÁRNAIL,

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IS THERE COMMON CITIZENSHIP?

BY PROFESSOR ALFRED O'RAHILLY, M.A., PH.D.

THE two words "subject" and "citizen" refer to two entirely different conceptions of politics and systems of law: the Feudal and the Roman. The Romans regarded the State as an association of persons related to one another by fellow-membership of one body politic or respublica. But in a feudal monarchy the crown replaced the commonwealth. Men were related, not to one another by common membership of one corporate community, but to one superior by the burden of a common subjection. Hence in English law, which is still feudal at least in phraseology, there are no British citizens but only British subjects. The Crown is a corporation in law; while the nation or aggregate of subjects of the Crown has no recognised legal identity or personality. Men are, in the eye of the law, politically related not to one another or to the nation, but only to the Crown. "In England," says Westlake,[1] "citizenship has no legal meaning except that of the burghers of a municipal corporation which enjoys the purely honorary rank of a city. Its rhetorical meaning may be any which the writer who uses it likes to give it." And the Dean of the Law Faculty of McGill University, Montreal, (Prof. F. P. Walton) writes similarly:[2] "My answer to the interesting question, What is a British citizen? cannot be better put than in the immortal phrase of Betsy Prig—I don't believe there ain't no sich a person. In spite of the occasional use of the

[1] *British Citizenship* (ed. E. B. Sargant), 1912, p. 11.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 12.

term by Cabinet Ministers and others, 'British citizen' has no intelligible meaning except as a synonym of 'British subject.'" There are citizens in America and France; in England there are only subjects, though in a secondary sense we may speak of citizens of London or Liverpool.[1]

Such is the legal theory. But here as elsewhere it has become antiquated by subsequent political development. "The Greek," says Freeman,[2] "would have deemed himself degraded by the name of subject. . . . We use the word subject daily without any feelings of being lowered by it." The reason is not far to seek: the word is a mere metaphor. What is legally subjection to the Crown is constitutionally citizenship of the State.[3] Allegiance to the Crown is simply a symbolic and imagination-striking expression of loyalty to one's country and political institutions. It is surely quite obvious that an Englishman has in reality quite as intimate and influential relation to England as an American has to the United States. A constitutional monarch has a social, ceremonial and symbolic influence, but is clearly incapable of altering fundamental political realities. It is as true to term him "monarch" (sole ruler) as to designate the citizens "subjects." This archaeological language survives, because it suits the expediency of politicians to adopt the pedantry of lawyers.

When, therefore, the inhabitants of the British Empire are termed subjects of the Crown, the expression is purely formal. It may have emotional and psychological value, but it contains no real political consequences. Even in

[1] *Cf.* Treaty between Great Britain and United States (Nov., 1794), art. 9: "British subjects who now hold lands in the U.S. and the American citizens who now hold lands in his Majesty's Dominions shall continue to hold them."

[2] *Greater Greece and Greater Britain*, 1886, p. 23.

[3] Quite illogically the legal abstract noun corresponding to "British subject" is not "British subjection" or "British subjecthood," but "British nationality." Conversely, in international law the nationals of a State are (by analogy with feudalism) often referred to as the subjects of the State, even though the State be a Republic.

strict theory the Crown is not a complete political entity. It is only the common element in the different Governments of the Empire. The King is common to the King-in-Parliament of England and to the King-in-Parliament of Canada. And this common element is purely formal and ceremonial. Obviously, then, relationship to this common element, *i.e.*, subjection to the Crown, cannot adequately define the political status of the inhabitants of the Empire. It is simply a generic and incomplete reference thereto.

Thus understood, the term "British subject" is quite innocuous. It merely serves to bring home to each individual the formal or symbolic unity of the British Empire, namely the British Crown, which usefully disguises from the uneducated the absence of political unity.

> The functions of the Crown are neither legislative nor administrative; except in informal and indirect ways, they are little more than ceremonial. . . . Our politics further must be largely influenced by the fact that the government of these islands is also the supreme government of a hundred barbarous peoples, whose minds are accustomed to the idea of personal loyalty but can seldom understand the abstraction of republican forms. . . . To set out on a republican campaign . . . would be sacrificing the essential to the unessential.[1]

> The taste for ritual, for playthings, for make-believe, is deeply rooted in human nature; and monarchy appeals to the deferential instincts of the ordinary human being. Overthrow the monarchy, replace the King with an elective President, and what would become of the loyalty of Australia, New Zealand or Canada? The British Colonists have no particular respect for the Mother of Parliaments, and a very particular and not ill-grounded aversion to the rule of Downing Street; but they regard the Crown with feelings of simple and passionate veneration. The King, having been deprived of political power, cannot harm them; and having little ritual themselves, they are the more fascinated by the pomp of an ancient and dignified institution which they have no means of reproducing in their several communities, but which they regard as the joint and several possession of the British race.[2]

[1] Sir H. Samuel: *Liberalism*, 1902, pp. 294*f*.

[2] Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher: *The Republican Tradition in Europe*, 1911, pp. 276*f*.

The King supplies the vital element of personal interest to the proceedings of government. It is far easier for the average man to realize a person than an institution. . . . And it is possible that the majority of the people, even of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the millions of India, believe that the government of the Empire is carried on by the King personally. He therefore supplies the personal and picturesque element which catches the popular imagination far more readily than constitutional arrangements which cannot be heard or seen.[1]

The Crown is thus frankly justified as a picturesque ritual and useful make-believe, suitable to the hundred barbarous peoples and others who fancy that their political status is defined by their being subjects of this Crown. But this idea is apt at times to lead to inconvenience ; for instance when an Indian thinks he has the same status as a Canadian because they are both designated British subjects.

Constitutionally the use of the term " British subject," although sanctioned by tradition, is not without its difficulties. It denotes strictly a personal subjection to the King (who is only titular Sovereign), which has long since been replaced by subjection to the legal sovereignty of " Parliament," or technically perhaps the " King in Parliament." It also fails to take count of a distinction which, even though it may be deplored, cannot be ignored in practice : the distinction between " subjects " (whether by birth or adoption) who inherit the European standards of life and culture, and the members of " subject " or " protected " races who do not. In this way it gives rise to pretensions which, although logically indisputable, are nevertheless practically inadmissible ; such as the claim on the part of coloured races, possessing a wholly different standard of living, to free access to all parts of the British dominions, by reason of their being British subjects.[2]

So far the idea of " British subject " has been considered in its intra-imperial aspect. But it must also be considered in its relation to international law. In this connexion the word subject, though derived by analogy

[1] E. Jenks : *The Government of the British Empire*, 1918, p. 41.

[2] Pitt Cobbett : *Cases and Opinions on International Law*, Part I. (1909[3]), p. 173.

from feudalism, has no monarchial reference. We might with equal propriety speak of American or French subjects. A subject is simply a member of a State. When, therefore, we ask if a British subject, whether he comes from Montreal or Manchester, has the same international status, we are really asking if England and Canada constitute one State or international person. And the answer is that in the past they were one, in the future they will be two, and in the present they are in a transition stage—unified in some aspects and separate in others. Separate representation in international conferences, distinct membership of the League of Nations, separate ambassadors and consuls: these and suchlike are unmistakeable indications that the homogeneity of "British subjects" *ad extra* is rapidly disappearing. Even in judicial decisions concerning the mutual relations of the constituent States of the Empire, such expressions as "New Zealand subjects" and "the citizens of New Zealand" have been employed.[1] The more the British Empire develops into a league of Free States, the more quickly will the generic term "British subject" be replaced by the specific terms "English citizen," "Canadian citizen," and so on.[2] That these terms increasingly correspond not only with the external relations of the Empire but with its internal realities, will now be shown.

A person is called a citizen in relation to the complete community of which he is a member. Citizenship therefore comprises the complex of social, civil and political relations in which he stands to the community. When we inquire whether there be a common citizenship within the British Empire, we can ignore the social and legal elements. For a Canadian's legal status, social rights and duties are obviously autonomous; they are defined by Canadian law and society. We may at once dismiss the

[1] *New Zealand Law Reports* (Supreme Court), 26 (1907), 404, 407, per Stout C. J.

[2] As regards foreign countries (*e.g.*, Japan) this generic nationality already presents difficulties.—Keith: *Imperial Unity*, 1916, pp. 255*f*.

absurd idea that homogeneous unifying social relationships apply to a quarter of the human race, scattered over the five continents of the world, including a medley of colours, creeds, customs and cultures. The only moral bond applicable to such a multitude would be cosmopolitan humanitarianism.

It is chiefly in respect to political rights and duties that a citizen is distinguished from an alien.[1] Is there an imperial citizenship involving the possession of common political rights? The answer must be in the negative, inasmuch as there is no central authority either to enforce a universally valid franchise for local legislatures or to create a special franchise for an Imperial Federal Parliament. In the United States, on the other hand, citizenship is primarily of the United States, secondarily and consequently of the State. "Persons," says the Fourteenth Amendment, "born or naturalised in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." The naturalisation of foreigners is within the exclusive control of the Federal Government (Const., art. 1, sect. 8). But there is nothing to prevent a State from permitting an alien to exercise (within the State) the privileges of a citizen.

At first sight this appears closely akin to what occurs in the British Empire. Ever since the reign of Charles II. legislatures of British possessions have been passing acts for the naturalisation of aliens, though it was not till 1847 that the British Parliament enacted a law purporting to give validity to this colonial legislation. But this naturalisation, even as conferred by Dominions to-day, is supposed to be peculiarly limited and localised, inasmuch as a Dominion cannot legislate with extra-territorial effect.

[1] This does not imply that there are not citizens (*e.g.*, minors or women) who possess no franchise.

The Dominions would appear, therefore, to be in the position of the individual States of the United States. Apparently they can confer local privileges; but imperial naturalisation is granted only by the Imperial Parliament. Such a conclusion is, however, entirely incorrect.

No State can really legislate with extra-territorial effect, if by that is meant the power of passing laws which are valid outside its territory. Such laws may be recognised in private international law by convention and courtesy of other States, in virtue of extradition treaties or concurrent legislation. Extra-territorial validity is essentially dependent on the agreement of other States. This is as true of England as it is of Canada. Neither has authority of itself to legislate for places outside its territory. But, on the other hand, each of them has an inherent power to legislate for its nationals in respect of extra-territorial matters, such legislation being, in the absence of mutual agreement, enforceable only in its own territory. Thus Sir John W. Salmond, Solicitor-General for New Zealand, writes :—

> A colonial legislature has full power to make laws by which the courts can give judgment in civil proceedings against persons not resident in the colony and in respect of causes of action which did not arise there. Such judgments are valid and enforceable in the colony, but they are not necessarily valid and enforceable in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, in accordance with the rules of private international law. But these same rules will hold invalid and unenforceable in the colony judgments given in the like circumstances by the Courts of the United Kingdom, unless given under the authority of Imperial statutes which have been expressly made applicable throughout the Empire. There is here, therefore, no question of any rule of constitutional law establishing a difference between colonial and imperial legislation in respect of its validity.[1]

We must, therefore, carefully distinguish between two entirely distinct meanings of extra-territorial validity of legislation. (1) A Dominion, like every other State, has an inherent power to legislate *for its own territory* with

[1] *Law Quarterly Review*, 33 (1917), 121*f*.

respect to extra-territorial matters such as crimes committed abroad by its own nationals. (2) A Dominion or any other State has no *inherent* power to pass laws or issue judgments enforceable outside its own territory. Such externally valid authority can only accrue to a State by the agreement of the State or States conferring such validity.

This distinction has been obscured in the case of the Dominions because in the past the British Parliament exercised a right of *imperial* legislation which is now practically obsolete. This is the explanation of such legislation as the Colonial Prisoners Removal Acts (1869 and 1884), the Fugitive Offenders Act (1881), the Merchant Shipping Act (1894) and the Army Act (sect. 177). This legislation was passed by the British Parliament while it was still an Imperial Parliament : (1) to preserve colonial legislation from being invalid as repugnant to the statute law of Great Britain ; (2) to secure general recognition of uniform law ; (3) to give a general imperial validity to the legislation of a particular Dominion. Every one of these functions of the British Parliament is now obsolescent, and the Dominions are emerging into full Statehood. (1) Great Britain enacts no statute laws applicable to the Dominions. (2) General uniformity is secured by concurrent legislation of Great Britain and the Dominions, passed after detailed discussion in the Imperial Conference. (3) General validity is secured only by general concurrent legislation of the Dominions themselves.

These principles can be verified in the case of naturalisation. It is quite clear that this is as localised and territorially limited in the case of Great Britain as it is for any Dominion. A circular despatch of the Colonial Secretary (10 Sept., 1874) stated that " a certificate of naturalisation granted under the authority of the Acts of 1844 or 1870 confers upon an alien no rights or privileges in a British Colony." The Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on the Acts relating to Naturalisation states that

authorities are divided in opinion as to whether sect. 7 of the Act of 1870 confers on an alien naturalised in Great Britain "the status of a British subject outside the United Kingdom either in a foreign country or in a British Colony."[1]

Several Colonies (*e.g.*, Queensland and Natal) did not recognise British certificates at all. But in virtue of positive legislation most Dominions—Australia (1903), Canada (1906), S. Africa (1910)—now accept British naturalisation as a ground for issuing a Dominion certificate, except to Asiatic and African natives.

Naturalisation in the United Kingdom will not extend to British possessions; nor will naturalisation in British possessions extend to the United Kingdom. At the same time, by colonial legislation, a certificate of naturalisation in the United Kingdom is frequently accepted as a sufficient foundation for the issue of a local certificate.[2]

This is made quite clear in the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914 (amended in 1918), which was passed concurrently in Great Britain and in the Dominions after exhaustive discussion in the Imperial Conference and by the several Cabinets. In the Canadian Parliament (29 Jan., 1913) Mr. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, stated that the British Government accepted the view that only the Canadian Parliament could give the status of British subjects in Canada to those naturalised outside it, and accepted his objection to the original draft of the Bill which made Dominion powers conditional on their adopting certain sections of an extraneous measure.[3]

[1] Cd. 723 (1901), §26, pp. 9*f*.

[2] Cobbett, *Cases and Opinions on International Law*, Part I. (1909[2]), p. 184.

[3] Compare Mr. Doherty's remarks in introducing the Canadian Nationals Definition Act (1921). Referring to the claim that Canada alone should deal with Canadian nationalisation, he said: "It took us two years and a trip to England to get that acknowledged."—*Journal of the Parliaments of the Empire*, 2 (1921), 340. "Our Canadian National," he said (*ibid.*, p. 335), "will be that kind of *British subject* who is in special manner subject to and owes obedience to Canadian laws as administered through Parliament and the Government [of Canada] and *ultimately* (!) *His Majesty*." The underlined phrases are merely innocuous concessions to current political cant.

Section 26 of the British Act expressly recognises the right of the Dominions to confer local naturalisation, which indeed is the only type of naturalisation which Great Britain itself can confer.

But the Act also seeks to establish a new entity, "imperial naturalisation." This, it must be noted, was effected not by legislation of the so-called "imperial" Parliament, but by the concurrent legislation of the constituent States of the Empire, as had been agreed upon at the Imperial Conference of 1911. Section 8 of the Act acknowledges the right of the Dominions to issue certificates of naturalisation and confers on them validity in Great Britain. Canada by similar legislation confers on certificates issued in Great Britain validity in Canada. Thus, in addition to locally valid naturalisation, we have now an imperially valid naturalisation (issued on more stringent conditions), whose validity is secured by concurrent legislation similar to that employed in connexion with postal agreements, white slave traffic and such like.

Clearly, therefore, this so-called common citizenship of the Empire is not the creation of any central federal legislature, for no such body exists. It is merely the product of joint legislation by independent Parliaments. It should be termed inter-citizenship rather than citizenship. It is analogous to the State citizenship recognised in the first and second Constitutions of the United States. It was only by the Fourteenth Amendment (section 1) that citizenship of the United States, as distinct from citizenship of individual States, was recognised; it may be acquired (by birth or naturalisation) independently of citizenship of any State, which depends on domicile. In the British Empire there exists no such corresponding entity, no common citizenship co-extensive with the Empire. There exists neither any body competent to confer such citizenship nor any assembly deriving authority from the totality of such citizens. The British Empire is not a Federated State; it is not a State at all;

it is a loose aggregation of States, united in a common foreign policy where common concerns are involved.

Doubtless there still exist several anomalies, chiefly due to the employment of the antiquated term "British subject" and to the monopoly which (for geographical and historical reasons) England still retains of the common diplomatic service of the States of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Thus in a Dominion there may coexist (1) citizens whose status is by intra-imperial (*i.e.*, international) legislation recognised throughout the Empire, (2) citizens who possess only a locally valid status, (3) persons who are "British subjects" without any limitation but who belong to a class ineligible for the franchise (*e.g.*, natural-born Indian subjects). This illustrates the futility of such a designation as that of British subject. Furthermore, a passport issued by the Foreign Office to a member of the unenfranchised class (3) would be in the usual form. That issued to a Dominion citizen of class (2) would be thus endorsed: "This passport is granted with the qualification that the holder is, within the limits of the Colony in which he was naturalised, a British colonial subject by naturalisation, and is only entitled as a matter of courtesy to the general good offices and assistance of His Majesty's representatives abroad." This again is a transitional defect and will cease as soon as the Dominions have asserted in detail their full right to conjoint or separate foreign representation and destroyed the last vestiges of England's monopoly of foreign representatives.

Conclusion.

(1) For internal intra-imperial purposes the term "British subject" should be confined to members of the Dependencies under British rule. Its connotation of personal subjection and its suggestion of equating free white citizens with coloured subjects render it unfit as a general designation for inhabitants of the Empire, who moreover have no common rights or privileges.

(2) For international purposes the term "British subject," meaning member of the British Empire, is also unsuitable and inaccurate. For the British Empire has practically ceased to be an international unit; it is not a State but a League of States. It is merely confusing to use a generic term for British citizen, Canadian citizen, etc. It would be analogous to subsuming Frenchmen, Italians, etc, under the term "European."

(3) There is, strictly, no such thing as imperial citizenship, inasmuch as the Empire is not a single State.[1] "We are forced to the conclusion that the absence of a system of common citizenship is a necessary consequence of the formless and chaotic" [*i.e.*, free, international] "character of the British Empire as a whole. The existence of separate nations under a common Crown seems to necessitate the existence of separate types of citizenship."[2] There are English (or British) citizens, Australian citizens, and so on. And if each of these States has under certain conditions recognised the citizenship of the other States as valid for it, this resultant conglomerate inter-citizenship is merely the composite effect of such international agreement, which any Dominion is at any time free to cancel or modify. There is no such thing as "common citizenship" between Great Britain and any Dominion.

ALFRED O'RAHILLY.

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[1] Lord Milner advocated "a real Empire State with its necessary concomitant, an empire citizenship." In order that a man's "highest allegiance be to the Empire as a whole," "it is necessary (at least in my view) that the Empire should be a real State and not merely a number of separate, more or less closely associated communities under a common sovereign."—*The Nation and the Empire*, 1913, pp. 487, 489. The rejection of Imperial Federation has finally disposed of the possibility of imperial citizenship.

[2] H. E. Egerton in *British Citizenship*, 1912, p. 16.

A PIONEER OF NATIONS.

BY PROFESSOR EOIN MACNEILL, D.LITT.

THE existence of vernacular literatures in our own time in all civilised countries is a familiar fact. Some of these literatures have a very short history indeed, and the most flourishing and copious of them, a few centuries ago, were scanty in volume and rugged enough in kind. At the beginning of the seventh century of the Christian era, only two languages in Europe, Greek and Latin, had a written literature. Latin was already a dead language, though the complete monopoly of literature it held throughout Western Europe made it seem still alive to those who wrote it. The Romance dialects which grew out of Latin in the speech of the people were felt to be vulgar jargons beneath the dignity of literary culture, and a somewhat similar view was taken by the educated of the other languages, Celtic and Germanic, that existed on the outskirts of what still was recognised to be the Roman world. Here and there earnest missionaries, like the Gothic Bishop Ulfilas, might venture to write in the language of the people, writing for edification only, and with no notion of contributing to a literature. Then, almost suddenly, a national written literature arises in the common speech of the people, rich in poetry and in prose, widely various in scope, the work of many writers. The country in which this singular development took place was Ireland, the language Irish. No mere passive evolution produced the phenomenon of a national literature, unexampled in that age. When we see a garden full of

cultivated plants and flowers, we know that it has not grown by mere force of nature out of the wild. We know that is has been willed and planned by human thought and worked up by human care and energy. Some man or men of bold and enterprising mind broke in upon the monopoly of Latin and claimed the franchise of the pen for the language of the people; and we are fortunate enough to be able to recover something of the story of the man who took the principal part in establishing the written literature of our nation.

In 575, a national assembly at Druim Ceata, near Limavady, defined the relations of the petty kingdom of Dál Riada to the separate and independent jurisdictions of the kings of Ireland and the kings of the Irish in Scotland. The latter kings were also rulers of Dal Riada and took their title therefrom till the time of the Norse invasions. St. Colum Cille was particularly interested in this settlement, and came from Iona to the assembly. He was nearly related to the king of Ireland, Aed son of Anmeri; and the king of Dal Riada, Aedán, to whose realm Iona belonged, and from whose predecessor, Conall, it had been granted, was his special friend. Doubtless, too, Colum Cille had the welfare of the two realms at heart and desired that the settlement between them should be lasting. His biographer, St. Adamnán, tells[1] that he uttered a prophetic warning to Aedán, foretelling disaster to his house, should any of its rulers do wrong to Ireland. Adamnán bewails the fulfilment of this prophecy in his own time. It was still more completely fulfilled a thousand years later, when the Stuart dynasty, sprung from the kings of Dal Riada, trampled on the rights of Ireland and came to its own ruin through the instruments of its wrongdoing.

Adamnán's lament has express reference to the events connected with the battle of Moira (Mag Roth, Magh Rath) in 638. A well-known saga grew around this

[1] Quoting from a book by St. Cummene, abbot of Iona, 657-669.

memorable battle. In the saga, the chief antagonists are Domnall, king of Ireland, son of Aed, who held the assembly of Druim Ceata, and Congal, a prince of the Ulster Picts. Historically, as Adamnán testifies, the contest was between the king of Ireland and his namesake, Domnall Brecc, king of Dal Riada, a grandson of Aedán. At that time, the dynasty of Dal Riada had increased its power in Scotland and was on the eve of greater expansion, though its larger conquest of Scotland was still two centuries away. Disregarding the warning of Colum Cille, Domnall Brecc undertook an invasion of Ireland, which, had it succeeded, would probably have won him the highkingship. He formed a league including his Scottish realm and all the petty kingdoms of eastern Ulster, Dal Riada, the Picts under Dal Araidi, and the Ulaidh, and took the field at their head. He seems also to have drawn to his side a section of Cineál Eoghain which was at feud with the high king. The high king must have clearly anticipated their design and must have acted with great promptness and decision, for he met and defeated them at Moira, near Lisburn ; while another part of his forces on the same day crushed the revolt of Cineál Eoghain at Sailtire (Saltera) on the western side of Loch Neagh.

The revolt of Cineál Eoghain was only sectional, for one of the nobles of that dynastic kindred fought at Moira on the side of the high king, and his skull was cleft in the battle. This was Cenn Faelad son of Ailill, afterwards called Cenn Faelad Sapiens. The battle was memorable in after times for three things. The first was the overthrow of the false Congal, the villain of the story ; the second was the madness of Suibhne Geilt ; [1] each has its great saga. The third was what befel Cenn Faelad in the outcome ; and, had the ancient writers told all they knew of this, it would, I think, be now the most

[1] For these, see *The Battle of Magh Rath* (Irish Archaeological Society) and *Baile Suibhne* (Irish Texts Society).

famous story of the three. Even now, pieced together from scattered fragments, it forms one of the remarkable chapters of Irish history, for it lights up with singular clearness the state and development of Irish native culture in that most noteworthy period.

"Cenn Faelad," says a medieval writer, "was an eminent person."[1] The title "Sapiens," given only (except in his case) to the most learned churchmen of Irish antiquity, bears the same testimony. His obit is thus recorded in a contemporary chronicle now embodied in the *Annals of Ulster:* "(A.D. 678, properly 679) Cenn Faelad, son of Ailill, son of Baetán, sapiens, pausavit." In the same year, Adamnán became abbot of Iona in succession to Failbe. Cenn Faelad was eligible by birth to the kingship of Ailech and to the highkingship of Ireland. His father's brother, Colmán Rímid, his grandfather, Baetán Brigi, and his greatgrandfather, Muirchertach, commonly called MacErca, kings of Ailech, had all held the highkingship.[2] Another uncle of Cenn Faelad was the celebrated Mael Umai son of Baetán, who died in 610. "He led a *fian* to Britain to assist King Aedán mac Gabráin in his warfare against the Angles. He took part in the battle of Degsastan (A.D. 603) and is said to have slain Eanfrid, brother of Ethelfrid [king of Northumbria], with his own hand."[3] His exploits were the subject of a saga.

Being a scion of so great a lineage, Cenn Faelad (we may believe) got the best treatment for his wound that could be provided. He was taken far away from the place of battle and far away from the home of his family to Tuaim Drecain (or Drecon) in Breifne, where dwelt a surgeon named Briccíne. Briccíne probably taught his

[1] *Ancient Laws of Ireland*, vol. III., p. 550.

[2] See *Annals of Ulster*, index; *Archivium Hibernicum*, II., p. 50; and, for the pedigree of Cenn Faelad, Book of Ballymote, 68b 42, 69a 27. In correction of *Archiv. Hib.*, 51, footnote 10, it is to be understood that Flann, king of Ailech, 681–700, was son of Cenn Faelad Sapiens.

[3] Meyer, *Fianaigecht*, xiii. *Archivium Hibernicum*, II., 57, 75.

profession as well as practising it. At all events, Tuaim Drecon was at that time a place of teaching, one of Ireland's early universities. Cenn Faelad recovered from his wound, and his later achievements caused it to be told of him that "his brain of forgetting was taken from his head"—the ancient Irish seem to have anticipated modern science in assigning special functions to different parts of the brain, and since in those days, as now, people incurred debts and other deferred obligations, the notion that forgetting was a positive function of the brain was perhaps excusable. Trepanning was a frequent practice in prehistoric western Europe, and our ancient laws bear witness that Irish surgery was already enterprising—also that want of skill or care on the surgeon's part involved him in heavy responsibility. This responsibility lasted during a testing period after the operation, and the testing period varied in length according to the nature of the wound. In the case of a cloven skull, the period was three years.[1] It must be inferred that the patient remained under the surgeon's direction and control during that time, and this helps to explain the account that has come down to us of how Cenn Faelad entered on a new career; an account that is best given as it stands :—

> And he was brought to be cured to the house of Briccine of Tuaim Drecon, at the meeting of the three streets, between the houses of the three chief professors. And three schools there were in the town, a Latin school and a school of Irish law and a school of Irish learning. And everything that he used to hear of what was recited in the three schools, he had it by memory every night. And he set these things in a pattern of poetry and wrote them on slates and tablets, and transferred them into a vellum book.[2]

Briccíne of Tuaim Drecon was honoured in later times as a saint, his festival being September the 5th.[3] This makes it almost certain that he was an ecclesiastic. There seems to be no record of a monastery or monastic

[1] A.L.I., III., 534. [2] A.L.I., III., 88.
[3] Healy, *Ireland's Ancient Schools*, 2nd ed., p. 602.

school of Tuaim Drecon, nor does it appear to have been a place of note in later times. Its name still remains in that of the parish of Toomregan near Belturbet and partly in each of the counties Fermanagh and Cavan. It is at no great distance from Magh Sleacht, a famous centre of pagan worship. We may fairly conjecture that it had long been a seat of native learning and that the Latin school had been superadded as a safeguard. Cenn Faelad does not seem to have made his home at Tuaim Drecon, for his chief surviving works, the *Bretha Etged* and the "Book of Cenn Faelad" are said to have been written at Daire Luráin ("Derryloran," near Cookstown in Tyrone).

In this apparently simple narrative, a great deal more, as will be seen, is implied than meets the eye. What is rendered "a Latin school," "a school of literature" in the official translation, is *scol légind.* The old Irish word *legend* becomes in modern Irish *léigheann* and means book-learning in general. This is also its old meaning, for it is merely the Latin *legendum* borrowed into Irish. When, however, the early usage is examined, the word is found to be applied exclusively to learning in the language from which it is taken—naturally enough, for learning that came by Irish tradition would have been designated by an Irish name. The term *suaid*, translated above by "chief professors," is represented in the official translation by "professors" only; but that *sui* meant the principal of a school or college and a professor of the highest grade or a man of the highest eminence in any recognised branch of the liberal arts is made clear in various passages of the Ancient Laws.[1] There were several lower grades of professorship. I dwell upon this because it has a bearing on the standing of the schools of Tuaim Drecon. The houses in the three streets were doubtless occupied by the students.

[1] E.g. IV. 354, V. 102. In social grade, the *sui* ranked equal to the king of a *tuath*.

What is told of Cenn Faelad remembering his lessons, afterwards noting them down in the rough, and finally writing them in a book, would have no point at all and would not have been worth relating had it referred to the Latin school; for, in Latin schools, reading, writing, and the use of books were necessary and universal. The statement has significance only in reference to the two other schools. It is interesting to observe that students in those days used slates for their rough notes, and the word of the old writer, *lecc. leac*, is still the name of a schoolboy's slate. The tablet—*taball*, from the Latin *tabella*—was used in classical times in the schools of Rome. It served the same purpose as a slate, having a surface covered with wax. The writing was traced in the wax with a stylus and could be rubbed out. The anecdote, as it has reached us, is recorded by a writer whose date is probably some centuries later than Cenn Faelad's. This writer was not likely to be fully aware of the import of the details of the story, and the fact that he relates details that must have seemed commonplace and of no special interest shows that he is but faithfully repeating things which, when they were first recorded, were sufficiently noteworthy to be told of a noteworthy man. The real import of these details, taken as referring to the two peculiarly Irish schools—the school of Irish law (*fenechas*) and the school of Irish learning (*filidecht*)—becomes apparent when we realise that, so far as can be judged from the extant material, neither Irish law nor the lore of the *filid* existed at all in writing before Cenn Faelad's time. We shall find Cenn Faelad himself bearing testimony that in his time writing, in the ordinary sense, was peculiar to a Latin education and that, in traditional Irish education, the place of writing was taken by the engraved symbols of the Ogham alphabet. That writing in ancient Ireland was peculiarly of Latin tradition is shown by the Latin origin of nearly all Irish terms that refer to writing, reading, books and letters. The Ogham

craft, on the other hand, had a complete terminology of purely Celtic origin. The point of the narrative, when it was originally written, was this, that Cenn Faelad did what had never been done before, he recorded in writing the teachings of the schools of Irish learning and Irish law.

If what is told of Cenn Faelad might have been told of any other pupil, it would never have been told at all. When the true meaning of the anecdote became forgotten—that is, when writing and books had long been familiar apparatus in Irish schools of every kind—the details needed something else to give them special meaning and justification; and so it was imagined that what made the story worth preserving was its evidence of Cenn Faelad's powers of memory, and, to raise this above the commonplace, the loss of his faculty of forgetting was assigned as a consequence of his wound. But really there was nothing at all remarkable in remembering oral lessons learned by day until they could be written down at night. The *filid* were in unbroken succession from the druids, no longer calling themselves druids because, when Christianity prevailed, druidism fell into bad repute. Of the druidical plan of education we have Caesar's contemporary account. At a time when, as Caesar testifies, the Gauls made use of writing, employing the Greek alphabet, "in almost all their affairs, public and private," the druids maintained an exclusively oral method of instruction, in which the permanent or doctrinal elements were committed to memory in "a great number of verses." No surgical operation was thought necessary to enable even ordinary pupils to remember their lessons from morning until night. This oral method continued in full force in Ireland until the seventh century. The invention and adoption of the glyphic Ogham alphabet, based on the Latin alphabet, constituted no departure from it; for the Ogham was conspicuously unfit to take the place of writing as a medium of instruction, nor is that place accorded to it by either history or legend.

When a body of doctrine that has heretofore existed in oral tradition alone has once been faithfully committed to writing, a new situation is created in regard of it. *Littera scripta manet.* The written record acquires the authority that till then belonged to the authentic personal repositories of tradition, and these, whatever they may think about it, are forced to accept the pen and the book into their discipline. It was this that Cenn Faelad achieved. At the Latin school he learned to read and write, and he became aware of a wealth of ancient and contemporary lore stored up in books. If these great advantages belonged to Latin learning, why not to Irish learning also? A conservative tradition was characteristic of the Irish learning of his time. The *filid* must have held consciously aloof from the superior apparatus of the Latin schools. On no other ground can be explained the fact that the general application of writing to Irish secular learning can be traced no farther back than the seventh century, at least two centuries later than the introduction of Latin learning into Ireland. The old druidical culture, to which the *filid* were heirs, must have seemed to be fighting a forlorn hope against its splendid competitor, and the conflict itself had probably the effect of hardening the conservatism of the native school. There is clear evidence, hereinafter cited, of a like aloofness on the part of the Latinists from intimate contact with the native culture derived from the druids. It seems as though a special providence had arranged that, as the consequence of a wound received in battle, such a man as Cenn Faelad should have found the opportunity presented by his own convalescence in a place where the two cultures were propagated side by side.

Cenn Faelad was probably a young man at this time. The age for military service in ancient Ireland was seventeen. The education of a young noble of the time included nothing that we call schooling. It is sufficiently described under the law of fosterage, for we may be

certain that the training expected under foster-parents was much the same as that which a youth would ordinarily receive under parental rule Under fosterage, the sons of kings and nobles were taught horsemanship, swimming, the use of arms, chess-playing and a game called *brannuidecht*, supposed to resemble draughts.[1] These no doubt were the imparted accomplishments of Cenn Faelad when he came to Tuaim Drecon. Had he been caught younger by the schools, he would have been more likely to adopt their prejudices. His pride of lineage and tradition we need not suppose to have been diminished by his share in the battle of Moira. He had, as will be seen, a temperament for innovation or rather for bold adaptation. Nevertheless the anecdote suggests that he did not venture to offend his teachers by breaking openly with their tradition—he did not bring his slates and tablets into the schools where they taught by day. An ordinary student might have made surreptitious written notes of what he was expected to preserve in memory alone, and the *filid*, or the fear of them, might have brought the transgression to a stop at that. The circumstances suggest that Cenn Faelad must have enjoyed the special favour of the high king. The *filid*, if we suppose them to have been obstinate partisans of exclusively oral teaching, may also be supposed to have shrunk from any severity in its defence that could bring the case under the monarch's notice; for we are told by the scholiast already quoted that it was Domnall's father who, at the assembly of Druim Ceata, proposed the total abolition of their order.

The *filid*, like their forerunners the druids, were masters in every branch of Celtic lore, but there was one branch, law, which was taught in special schools. There may have been particular reason for having separate schools of law. Those who were admitted to a school of *filidecht* were also allowed to share in the privileges

[1] A.L.I., II., 154, 156.

of the order of *filid*—they were initiates. On the other hand, every *flaith* or ruling noble was expected to have a good knowledge of the law—such a knowledge as was hardly to be attained without instruction; and this makes it probable that the schools of law were open to nobles who did not adopt learning as a profession. Of the *aire désa* or *flaith* of the lowest grade, a text of the eighth century says: "He defends the rights of his vassal-clients (*céli*) in civil claims, in justice, in public law, in treaty law, in whatever touches their honour. . . . He is well grounded in the body of law relating to the family, the state (*tuath*),the ruling nobles, the church, public administration (*rechtge*), and interterritorial compacts (*cairdde*)." [1] In later times, the practice of law seems to have become purely professional—a consequence, at first sight paradoxical, of the reduction of the laws to written form. The first authentically recorded writer of Irish law is Cenn Faelad.

It is true that a single sentence in the Irish introduction of miscellaneous origin, prefixed to the *Senchus Mór*, ascribes the writing of that compilation of laws to the three bishops, Patrick, Benignus, and Cairnech, who are there said to have been joined with three kings and three *filid* in revising the laws of Ireland in accordance with the new Faith.[2] It is worth noting that the part of writers is not accorded to the *filid*. This sentence, however, is absent from one of the two manuscripts cited, and, since it is not likely to have been omitted either by accident or design, we may fairly think that it was at one time absent from the narrative. In the alternative account it finds no place. The editors, in their preface, treat these accounts as authentic history, but acknowledge one difficulty. Consulting the life of St. Benignus, they find that his age should have been no more than thirteen when this revision of the laws

[1] A.L.I., IV., 322. [2] A.L.I., I. 2, *seqq.*

began. But, they say, St. Benignus became bishop of Armagh in 455, and was then, according to the life, no more than thirty years of age, too young to be a bishop. To get rid of this and the other difficulty at once, they propose to add ten years to his age at both dates. He would thus have been twenty-three at the revision of the laws. But the story of the revision says that he was then a bishop—bishop at twenty-three, yet too young to be bishop at thirty! This result of an arbitrary amendment of his age seems to have been tacitly perceived; for the suggestion is made afterwards, in a place apart, that he may have only been amanuensis to St. Patrick at the revision. The whole point of the story, however, is that the three great "estates" were equally represented by three men of high rank in each—the nobles, the native learned, and the Church.

Though the editors had all the material in their hands, they failed to observe that an account of the revision is contained in the ancient text of the *Senchus Mór* itself, and that it was obviously this account that was developed into the story told centuries afterwards in the Irish introduction; for portions of the early account, as well as other passages from the "book" in which it appears, are quoted verbatim in the Irish introduction.[1] The early account says nothing about a joint commission of three kings, three bishops, and three *filid*. One of the three kings is Corc, king of Munster. Corc is also named in the older account, but there he is not named king of Munster, but is stated to have been at the time a hostage (for Munster) in the hands of Loeguire, king of Ireland, at Tara, and to have been the first person at the king's court to make obeisance to Patrick. Had the writer accepted the story of Corc's share in revising the laws, he would assuredly not have omitted all hint of it. The Irish introduction says that the actual text

[1] A.L.I., III., 26-32.

of the *Senchus Mór* is the product of the revision. That an account of the revision, done at the instance of Patrick "in the reign of Loeguire," forms part of the ancient text, proves that the text is not the work of the revisers or of their time.

The editors think that Dáire, the third king named in the introduction, is likely to have been that Dáire who, in the lives of St. Patrick, granted the saint the lands of Armagh; and there can be little doubt that the same identity was in the mind of the originator of the story of the three kings, etc. The editors think that the grant helps to establish the story. They take the date of the grant from the Four Masters, A.D. 457, forgetting that, a few pages earlier, they had accepted 455 as the date at which Benignus became bishop of Armagh.[1] The account of the grant, however, in the Book of Armagh, makes Patrick and Dáire strangers to each other. Dáire is impressed by the pertinacious character of Patrick and by his way of saying "I give thanks" in Latin. This is doubtful confirmation for a story which represents Patrick and Dáire as having already sat together during three years (438-441) to revise the laws of Ireland. The grantor of Armagh seems to have been no more than a local *flaith*, who was not likely to have been co-partner with the king of Ireland and the king of Munster in a work of national reform. Nor was Loeguire, who refused to become a Christian, at all likely to have taken an active part during three years in the Christianising of the Irish laws. In fine, the picturesque tale of the three kings, three bishops, and three poets, must be classed among the imaginative embellishments of history; and Cenn Faelad remains the first authenticated writer of the laws of Ireland.

In addition to committing to writing the teachings

[1] Bury adopts 444 as the date of the foundation of Armagh, and 457 as the date when Benignus became bishop. Bury (*Life of St. Patrick*, p. 355) was evidently unaware of the earlier account of the revision.

of the school as he received them, Cenn Faelad is credited with having himself composed at least two works on Irish law. One of these is extant in a somewhat fragmentary condition, forming part of a compilation formerly entitled *Bretha Etged*, but afterwards known by the fanciful title of *Lebar Aicle* (" the Book of Aicill "). Of the other, the title alone appears to have survived—*Dúil Roscad*.[1] Cenn Faelad's part of *Bretha Etged*, we are told, was composed not at Tuaim Drecon, where he was but a pupil, but at Daire Luráin, which may have been his own home. From the contents of *Bretha Etged* and from the title of *Dúil Roscad*,[1] it is safe to judge that Cenn Faelad's part in each was no more than the bringing together of rules or maxims which had already existed apart from each other in the oral tradition of the schools. A single quotation indicates, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, that Cenn Faelad wrote still another tract on the subject of the politico-social grades, a subject fairly fully dealt with in two other extant and published tracts, one probably of the seventh, the other of the eighth century.[2]

Cenn Faelad's authorship and literary activity were not confined to the subject of law. He also became a poet; and in poetry, as in the application of writing to the unwritten teachings of the native school of law, he appears to have broken fresh ground. The extant fragments of poetry ascribed to Cenn Faelad afford a remarkable confirmation of what has already been inferred from the story of his schooling and from his work in the writing of the laws. They show him as a pioneer in combining the traditions of Latin-Irish culture with the traditions of native learning.

The oldest written poetry in Irish is of two very distinct kinds, rhymed and unrhymed. The presence and absence

[1] A.L.I., III., 550.

[2] A.L.I., IV., 356, where " ut Cenn Faelad " is translated " as C. F. did " instead of " C. F. wrote." The other tracts are *Crith Gablach*, A.L.I., IV., and *Auraicceeht Becc.*, A.L.I., V.

of rhyme are not the only distinctive characters. The oldest rhyming poetry is arranged in short strophes, usually of four verses, or of two verses further divided by a caesura both in words and sense into halves which may be reckoned distinct verses. The earliest unrhymed poetry is not divided into equal strophes. In the rhymed poetry, each verse and each half-verse contains a definite number of syllables, the same number being found in every corresponding verse or half-verse throughout the poem. The unrhymed poetry has no syllabic measure, the verses varying in number of syllables within limits fixed only by a sense of rhythmic recurrence. Alliteration is a casual ornament in the early rhymed poetry as it might be in prose or in proverbs; in the unrhymed poetry it is an organic and all but systematic element. Depending wholly for its effect on the vocal stressing of initial syllables, alliteration proves a rhythm based on variation of stress; whereas, in the rhymed poetry, the exact syllabic measure takes no account of stress-variations, which nevertheless were a main element of speech in early Irish, as they are in modern Irish. The essential difference between the two metrics, therefore, is not a matter of rhyme, which was a mere concomitant (as horns are to rumination), and the two are properly distinguished as syllabic and rhythmic. The rhythmic form was immemorially native to the language and may have had an immense antiquity, for it seems to have congeners in the oldest Italic and Germanic verse. The syllabic form can be traced no further back in Irish than the sixth century and is based on Latin models, and the best authorities seem now to be agreed that the concomitant feature of rhyme is likewise borrowed from Latin hymns, where it appears in the fifth century. Of equal significance is the fact that the oldest rhyming verse in Irish, which is also syllabic and strophic verse, is found in Christian hymns. In short, syllabic measure the strophe and rhyme belonged to the Latin tradition,

whereas alliterative rhythmic verse belonged to the Irish tradition—the tradition of the *filid.*

The earliest recorded use of the syllabic rhyming strophe in Irish by a poet who was not an ecclesiastic, and the earliest application of this form of verse to non-religious themes, are ascribed to Cenn Faelad. His verses in this kind, quoted by the early annalists, deal with secular events of history. In poetry, therefore, as in the use of writing, Cenn Faelad took the pioneer's rôle in uniting the two strands of distinctively Latin and ecclesiastical culture and distinctively Irish and pre-Christian culture. The scope of his literary outlook comprises history proper, for two of his quatrains are written on events that happened about a century and a half before his time, the battle of Fremu (A.D. 510) and the battle of Druim Dergaide (A.D. 517); and it is he who testifies that the latter battle decided the protracted struggle for the possession of the rich midland plain.[1] These quatrains are obviously part of an historical poem, of which the rest is no longer extant, unless indeed, as may well be true, various other quatrains of apparently equal antiquity in language and form, which the annalists quote in reference to events of the sixth and early seventh century, but whose author they do not name, are also the work of Cenn Faelad.

EOIN MACNEILL.

(*To be continued*).

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[1] See my *Phases of Irish History*, p. 188.

THE BALTIC STATES FROM AN IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.
Correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Reval (Esthonia).

I.—The Baltic Barons.

ONCE upon a time, as far back as I can remember, Mr. Joseph Biggar and a few members of the Irish Party, then just formed by an obscure young gentleman called Charles Stewart Parnell, invaded the little Ulster town in which I was born, with the object of holding there a public meeting and establishing a branch of their organization. As it was probably the first meeting of the kind that had been held in that particular town since the days of James the Second, great military preparations were made to prevent a "breach of the peace," and a dozen English dragoons were quartered in my father's house. These dragoons puzzled my childish mind a good deal; for they were cheerful giants who played with me as no Orangeman would ever have played with "a Papish brat"; they did not seem to know what an Orangeman was, and they had never even heard of the Battle of the Boyne. Mr. Biggar and his friends arrived about midday in a ricketty wagonette, and proceeded to hold their meeting in front of the town-hall, close to which was the principal hotel. In that hotel the landlords and Orange magnates of the surrounding district had hired a large room from which they could view the meeting; and as the windows of that room were open, I, a very small boy in the crowd below, got a good view of those great ones,

who held between them every public position in the county that Dublin Castle and the War Office could bestow, including all the magistracies and all the commissions in the local militia. Some of them sat inside, around a table covered with bottles and glasses, from which a genial influence seemed to emanate. Some lounged outside on the balcony, large, rubicund, well-dressed, highly amused, frankly contemptuous. No misgiving as to the future seemed to trouble a single one of them; and they all roared with laughter when poor old Joe Biggar, with his crooked back and his squeaking voice, stood up in the wagonette to address that small, frightened assembly of poor farmers. Not many of those magnates are left in Ireland now; and such as are left do not laugh.

I passed all the intervening years abroad; but in 1905 my mind went back to that little Ulster town when I heard the great German Barons of the Baltic roar with laughter at the sight of obscure Esthonian journalists and schoolmasters addressing one of the first meetings held by the Esthonian Nationalists in Reval, where I am now writing this article, and where those very journalists and schoolmasters are now heads of the Esthonian Republic. But in 1905 the Baltdeutschers seemed to have good reason for merriment. They were a powerful Ascendancy caste which had been in the saddle for seven hundred years, and which had behind them, at the time I mention, the whole might of the Tzar's colossal Empire. Reval was filled with Russian troops, ignorant all of them of local history, but quite ready to shoot at the orders of their officers, many of them Baltic Barons; for, like all Ascendancies, the Baltdeutschers provided the Suzerain Power with a surprisingly large crop of military leaders, able mercenaries with no patriotism (for they had no country), no scruples, and not the faintest tincture of constitutionalism. Overhead, their fortified Domberg frowned at the "native" town lying at its feet and exactly corresponding to the "Irishtown" of nearly

every city in my own country. Though both oppressors and oppressed were Lutherans, the ancient church on the Domberg was sacred to the nobility alone, and its interior is still covered with their armorial bearings. Facing the church stood the "Nobles' Club," in which the Barons held their legislative, or rather consultative and advisory assemblies; and the remainder of the narrow summit was crowded with the town residences of the Stackelbergs, the Rennenkampfs, and other "great governing families."

But, alas for human foresight! alas for human pride! the Nobles' Club is to-day the Esthonian Foreign Office, and the flag of the young republic waves over it; the great mansion of the Stackelbergs is the residence of the Esthonian Premier, and Esthonian sentries pace in front of it; and collectors of antiquities can now purchase cheap in the local pawnshops the swords and crests and banners, the armour, the ornaments and the decorations which struck terror throughout the Baltic States for over seven hundred years. As the casual visitor turns over these quaint objects, he sometimes feels as if he were handling the grotesque masks and fearsome disguises of some discredited West African joss-man, who, after having long terrorized a simple tribe, has been suddenly taken into custody by the police. Worst of all, from the Barons' point of view, practically all the great estates have been confiscated, and it is doubtful if reasonable compensation will ever be paid. I do not quite approve of this drastic procedure; but I shall not discuss it just now.

In Latvia the former position of the Barons *vis-à-vis* of the "native" population was exactly the same, and the consequences have been even more serious for the nobility. In Lithuania both landowners and tenants are Catholic, and the former have not yet been actually deprived of their land; but the Lithuanian question I shall also reserve for subsequent discussion. First, however, a few words about the past history of Esthonia.

When German raiders came to Esthonia some seven hundred years ago, they came in the name of religion and Holy Church, exactly as the Normans came to Ireland about the same time with an alleged Papal Bull in their hands and with expressions of deep solicitude for the moral condition of the Irish on their lips. What happened in Ireland is already known to readers of *Studies*. What happened in the Baltic States was that the people said, by the mouth of one of their chiefs: "If *this* is Christianity, we prefer to remain pagan." And they did remain pagan—till the fourteenth century: they were the last people in Europe to embrace Christianity. Many centuries before the German invasion, the Esthonians, a Finnish race, had settled in the territory which now constitutes the republic of Esthonia, having come with their cousins, the Finns, from as far east as the Urals. I might add that their language is as close to Finnish as Irish is to Welsh, and that both they and the Finns are of the Ugro-Finnish stock, which is akin to the Mongol. Their national type has been modified by an infusion of Scandinavian, German, and Russian blood; but in the country districts one often sees figures and faces that recall Mongolia, though the brown tint of the Mongol is never met with.

The Esthonians were farmers, fishers, and accomplished sailors; but, as they lived in villages and were not strongly organized, they occupied much the same position towards the invaders as the Irish tribes of Henry the Second's time occupied towards Strongbow and his followers. Reval was founded by the Danes; and the Swedes, Poles, and Russians also ruled this country; but the only two races which need be considered in this article are the Esthonians and the Germans. The Germans constituted about 3 per cent. of the population (36,000 in a population of 1,200,000), the Russians and other nationalities 7 per cent., the Esthonians 90 per cent.; but two-thirds of all the land belonged to the great German Barons, and the large towns were exclusively populated at one time by German

merchants and artisans, who did not allow Esthonians to come among them in order to do business or to learn some craft. Being better armed and organized than the natives, the Germans gradually conquered the country, dotted it with impregnable castles, and held on the sea-coast strongly fortified ports which the Esthonians were never able to capture. As in Ireland, there were several unsuccessful insurrections. One lasted from 1858 till 1860, and another took place in 1905. On the latter occasion the Barons took refuge in Reval and watched, from the summit of the Domberg, a midnight sky reddened by the flames of their burning castles. The Ests wanted, at that time, a very necessary and reasonable measure of agrarian reform and a very moderate measure of Home Rule; but an Ascendancy filled with pride and racial hatred is generally unteachable, and the Barons called in the Cossacks of the Tzar. Many of the insurgents were put to death; others were flogged in the town square (where the great national theatre of the Esthonians now stands); and were then obliged, dripping with blood as they were, to kneel and kiss the boots of the Barons, their masters. In the meantime the " reprisals " of the Russian Black-and-Tans were so sanguinary that General Solugub, the Russian Governor of Esthonia, sent a written complaint about one of them, Captain Richter, to the Government in St. Petersburg. M. Witte, a moderate and far-seeing statesman, thought the matter so grave that he laid this document before the Tzar, who returned it, however, after having written in the margin the words: " Richter is a fine fellow. He is doing quite right." Thus an obstinate autocrat and an unteachable ascendancy stumbled forward, blindfolded, to their doom. Had Nicholas the Second shown more wisdom in 1905, and had the Baltic Ascendancy shown more moderation, the Tzar might still be on his throne, the Baltic Barons might still be in their castles, and the three Baltic peoples might have each an autonomous Government.

But there are very few examples in history of an Ascendancy like that of the Baltdeutschers ever bending: they nearly always remain rigid until they are broken. Throughout their whole history the Balts have clung tenaciously to what they call their "rights," and have served loyally any outside power which guaranteed these "rights." Though Lutherans, they were perfectly contented under the rule of the ultra-Catholic Poles; and, in 1561, they induced one Polish king to acknowledge those precious "rights" in his "Privilegium Sigismundi Augusti." They reconciled themselves with equal facility to the rule of the Swedes when at Oliva, in 1660, the King of Sweden subscribed to this same "Privilegium"; but when, later on, the Swedes tried to improve the condition of the Esthonian peasantry, the Barons became as angry with them as the Irish Ascendancy was with Gladstone when he first set himself to improve the condition of the Irish peasantry. Consequently the Barons were quite pleased when, at Nystad, in 1721, the Baltic Provinces fell into the hands of the most despotic monarch of Europe, the Tzar of Russia. Petty tyrants themselves, they felt that their feudal privileges were safest under a tyranny. In 1812 they favoured Napoleon because he seemed likely to develop into an even stronger despot than Alexander the First; and in 1916, when the German Kaiser visited the Baltic Provinces, they strewed flowers in his path and petitioned him to annex them to the German Empire. In acknowledgment of this offer, the Kaiser sent, on April 16, 1918, a long telegram of thanks to Baron Pilar, Marshal of the Baltic-German Nobility, promising to consider favourably this proposal "to establish on a surer basis the future of these ancient countries created by German work."

Neither the Barons nor the Kaiser said anything in their messages about the native races, which constituted some 90 per cent. of the whole population; and apparently the Baltdeutschers did not intend to permit either the

Letts or the Esthonians to have any say at all in the administration of their respective countries. In order to prevent any such catastrophe happening, they proposed to unite Lettland and Esthonia, and to administer these countries for Germany by means of a sort of Upper Chamber wherein a small minority of "safe" native farmers would be associated with an imposing array of German magnates—Baron Stael-Holstein of Pernov, Baron Stackelberg of Koerde, Baron Pilar of Pilchau, von Oettingen of Kurema, von Sievers of Wana-Kuuste, von Bergmann of Alatskiwi, and several score of others, There was to be no Lower Chamber at all; and only the collapse of Germany prevented the establishment of this reactionary Government, which would have been a plunge back into the feudal age. That collapse also prevented the Kaiser from carrying out, with the assistance of the Baltic Barons, an interesting colonization scheme for settling 70,000 German soldiers as colonists in the Baltic Provinces. The weakness of the Baltdeutsch position is that there are practically no German peasants in the Baltic lands: even in Latvia, where the Baltdeutscher colony numbers 300,000 in a Lettish population of about a million and a half, the Baltdeutschers are all noblemen or townsmen, never peasants. In order to remedy this grave defect, the above-mentioned Plantation project was put forward; but, before it could be carried out, the armistice had been signed and everything was in confusion.

Kerensky had shown that he meant to use the Baltdeutscher Ascendancy exactly as the Tzar had used it; and Lenin, who does not believe in nationality, had as little sympathy with the national aspirations of the Baltic peoples as Nicholas himself. But in a series of desperate battles an Esthonian army, armed and equipped by England, drove the Bolsheviks out of the country, while Lettish and Lithuanian armies drove the Reds in the same way out of Latvia and Lithuania.

Then the Baltdeutschers played their last card. A

German General, von der Goltz, had been entrusted by the Allies, after the armistice, with the task of maintaining order in Courland; but he treacherously made use of his commission in order to seize Riga, on April 16, 1919, subvert the Lettish Government of M. Ulmanis (who took refuge on board a British warship), and establish in the capital of Latvia a reactionary Balt government under a certain Mr. Needra, a Lutheran clergyman, Lettish by race but on the side of the Barons. Having done this, he tried to get the Allies on his side by denouncing the Lettish national movement as Bolshevism; but this did not impose on the general who at that time represented England in the Baltic States. That general was, curiously enough, a member of the Irish Ascendancy who had, at the time of the "Curragh Mutiny," stood out apparently for the principle that a minority can lawfully take arms against a majority which has outvoted it. But, in 1919, General Gough showed no sympathy with the Ulstermen of the Baltic; and, as a result of the support given by this British officer to the subject majorities in Esthonia and Latvia, von der Goltz was bundled back into Germany, and many of the Barons went with him. When the British commander afterwards returned to Ireland, he showed, by taking the side of the Irish nation against the Ulster Balts, that he had a logical mind; and the same remarkable conversion occurred later on in the case of another Irish soldier who served in Esthonia—General Crozier, himself an Ulster Presbyterian. The appalling similarity of the Ulster case and the Baltdeutscher case must have opened the eyes of both these officers. Neither of them can, of course, be mentioned in the same breath as those great men of British descent whose names will probably constitute an unbreakable link of friendship between the English and the Irish peoples. But for the hatred of oppression and the generous sympathy with the weak shown by Sarsfield, Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Mitchel, Davis, and many others, Ireland would

long ago have concluded that the English were, all of them, bullies and hypocrites.

And in the same way the peoples of the Baltic can never forget that, even in the darkest days of their oppression, there were Baltic Germans who championed their cause. One of these was Garlieb Merkel, who died in 1850, and whose book, *Die Letten*, published at Leipzig in 1796, is not only a courageous defence of the Letts but a remarkable prophecy of the ruin which has overtaken their oppressors. Merkel describes the tyranny of the Baltic Barons with the same noble indignation as John Mitchel exhibited in describing the tyranny of the Irish Ascendancy. He tells the Barons that they arrested Lettish development for centuries during which all the other peoples of Europe made enormous progress. He says that they not only stopped the progress of Lettish civilisation, but even forced it backwards. "Who will dare," he asks, "to compare these miserable crumbs of culture which they [the Letts] have collected, these pale reflections of European light in their wretched hovels, with the liberty, the self-respect, the patriotism, the good material situation, and all the advantages which they possessed formerly and which they have lost?"

In the centre of Riga there is a vacant pedestal whereon the proud statue of a Russian Empress once stood. I hope that, in a year or so, a statue of Garlieb Merkel will occupy that pedestal and will preach from it, not revenge, but peaceful co-operation between the Baltic peoples and the Baltdeutscher class to which he himself belonged. And I hope that, by the time that statue is unveiled, some of the sculptured rubbish in the squares of London and Dublin will be replaced by memorials of great Anglo-Irishmen whose lives and deaths have linked together in friendship the Irish and the English peoples.

Another Balt, Professor Reussner, has spoken as frankly of his fellow Balts as Wolfe Tone ever spoke of the English. They were always ready, he says, to recognize

any sovereignty on condition that it guaranteed the continuance of the people in servitude.

> This aspect of Balt history is [he says] particularly interesting. It shows that in order to keep their "rights" the Balts are ready to submit to any authority whatsoever, and that if Attila could confirm their privileges, they would recognise him as their sovereign master.
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> It is not German culture in its best works, it is not the Prussia of Stein and Hardenburg, nor the Germany of Schiller or Goethe that the Baltic Barons, those representatives of the despotic system, introduced into Russia. Attached to their feudal privileges to such an extent as to deny their proper nationality, enemies of the German bourgeois and of the German religious spirit, they came to Russia not as Germans but as the representatives incarnate of the spirit of greedy caste—equally ready to serve the Polish Sigismond or the Tzar Peter, according as their interests commanded, provided always that they were free at the same time to satisfy their insatiable thirst for domineering over others.

The Baltic Ascendancy caste and the Irish Ascendancy caste differ in several important particulars, the latter being of the same race and religion as the dominant Power for which it is acting. But religion has really very little to do with the matter. There was as little love lost ten years ago between the Lutheran Est and his Lutheran landlord, the Lutheran Lett and his Lutheran landlord, and (in some cases) the Catholic Lithuanian and his Polish landlord as there was twenty years ago between the Irish Catholic peasant and his rackrenting Protestant landlord. The real point at issue was whether one set of men was naturally a ruling and the other naturally an inferior race. The Ulster Orangeman, generally a poor, industrious Irish peasant or mechanic himself, got his mind fixed, by some strange concatenation of circumstances and as a result, I am afraid, of some adroit manipulation on the part of his masters, on an aspect of the question which was quite incidental and unimportant—the religious aspect—with the result that, being ignorant and prejudiced, he became practically insane on this one point. The only part of the world where I have come across religiou

mania similar to that which prevails in Belfast is Stamboul. On the approach of Baïram, the Kurds there used sometimes to work themselves into the same condition of religious hatred towards the Armenians as the Belfast Orangemen still do towards their Catholic fellow-citizens on July the Twelfth. In both cases a feeling of racial superiority is associated with the feeling of religious hate; and whatever may have been the case in Belfast, I feel sure that Abdul Hamid encouraged the feeling of religious hate for political purposes.

Another important difference, which I have already pointed out, is that there are no German peasants in the Baltic States. In the dockyards and factories as well as on the land the bulk of the workers are natives. The Baltic Barons depended, therefore, on foreign bayonets, and when the foreign bayonets left the country, the Barons went with them or remained behind in a very helpless condition. But during their long period of ascendancy they exhibited all the traits of a genuine ascendancy, the same traits as were to be found among the Mamelukes of Egypt, the Turks in the Balkan States, the English Ascendancy in Ireland, and other dominant minorities. The circumstances of their upbringing gave them an autocratic temper which suited them for the army, so that they furnished a long list of military leaders to Russia just as the Irish Ascendancy furnished a long list of great generals to England. But this temper is out of place among a free people, and a great hindrance in a democratic government. The Empire which tolerates an ascendancy of the Baltdeutscher type in any members of its body is impregnating itself with a poison which will ultimately reach its heart. And, of course, it goes without saying that such an Empire is much more guilty than the ascendancy which it encourages, though there is no need to stress that fact now either in the Baltic case or in the Irish case.

While waiting in the ante-room of the Esthonian Minister of Foreign Affairs the other day, I chanced to

pick up an English book which the Minister had just bought. It was *Shirley*, by Currer Bell. Having read the book before, I turned to the only passage in it which deals with Ireland. In that passage the authoress sketches, in a few light, sure touches, the character of a typical member of the Irish Ascendancy—the Rev. Mr. Malone, Anglican curate of Briarfield in Yorkshire. Irish readers might object, by the way, to the name Malone being given to a member of the Irish Ascendancy; but, in my opinion, the authoress shows her cleverness in selecting it, for Irish Ascendancy is not a matter of race. "Roaring" Kane of Belfast was, in my young days, the most violent Orangeman of his time; and, up to a hundred years ago, an Irish Celt had only got to abjure his religion and his nationality, and to drop the O or Mac before his surname, in order to develop all the characteristics of the "governing race," even to a change in his physiognomy. Malone, we are told, had "not the Melesian face—not Daniel O'Connell's style, but the high-featured, North-American-Indian sort of visage which belongs to a certain class of the Irish gentry, and has a petrified and proud look, better suited to the owner of an estate of slaves than to the landlord of a free peasantry. Mr. Malone's father termed himself a gentleman; he was poor and in debt, and besottedly arrogant; and his son was like him."

Of the Rev. Malone's way of bearing himself towards even English inferiors the following description is given:—"Mrs. Gale offered the loaf. 'Cut it, woman,' said her guest; and the 'woman' cut it accordingly. Had she followed her inclination she would have cut the parson also; her Yorkshire soul revolted absolutely from his manner of command."

It was in the same tone, apparently, that Lord Carson told Mr. Lloyd George to "cut" Ireland. It was the tone of the Baltic Barons not only towards their Lettish and Esthonian serfs but also towards Russian Liberals. I campaigned once as a war-correspondent with the

notorious General Rennenkampf, whose contempt for Russian Constitutionalism and whose reckless hangings and shootings of Russians in 1905 produced a state of mind both in the weak-minded Tzar and in his people which have since contributed to the ruin of both.

I am afraid that I have given more space to the Baltic Ascendancy, now a thing of the past, than to the Baltic peoples, whose present position is full of interest to the new Ireland; but the psychology of an Ascendancy caste has always been of great interest to me, and I shall reserve the Letts and the Lithuanians for a later article.

An interesting book might, indeed, be written about the mentality of an Ascendancy. Take two peoples, A and B, equal in every way save in number—B having ten times the man-power of A—and mix them together, putting A carefully on top. Tell A that it is a superior race, that it may carry arms while B must not do so, give it most of the land, and all the privileges, and straightway it develops all the characteristics of a "dominant race." Kiplings arise to tell it that it belongs to "the BLOOD," and that its serfs are one of the "outer breeds without the Law." Journalists describe it as composed of "strong, silent men." Its leaders are "rugged and masterful." If this unnatural relationship is solidified by the strong hand of a great Suzerain Empire, the development of both A and B is always on the same lines. A acquires that superior manner which comes of wealth and a firm belief in its innate superiority. Great soldiers and aristocrats in the Suzerain State admire that lordly temper, and grow to detest the slavish vices which B sometimes tends to acquire—want of frankness, a servile manner, even mendacity. When A imports arms, the Empire pays no more attention than the Governor of Ceylon would pay to the importation of arms by the Ceylon Planters' Association. When B imports arms, indignant, masterful police inspectors attempt to seize them as the Chief of Police in Colombo would seize rifles imported by

Tamil coolies. When A says sternly and curtly, "I will not," no argument is asked for: an insuperable obstacle has been interposed. When it calmly advances the monstrous doctrine that one vote of A should be regarded as equivalent to four votes of B, the suzerain sees nothing unfair or unreasonable in the proposition.

It is a very catching thing, this pride of caste, especially in the case of the ignorant. Some of the worst cases I ever met with were among Scottish clerks who had only been a few years in Belfast, and who, in their native land, had been liberal and broadminded. In India I knew the daughter of an English tailor who had become so intoxicated by pride of race that she used to drive native ladies off the footpath, holding apparently that when she was using the footpath, "natives" should all use the roadway; and one of the wisest Englishmen in India told me twenty years ago that he expected a formidable anti-English wave to sweep that country on account of the exaggerated pride of caste exhibited by the low-class whites whose number was then so much larger than it had been at an earlier period, when the prestige of the British *raj* was much stronger.

I am dealing, however, with a manifestation of this disease among an educated community; but even among them it is very difficult to effect a cure, for the mind of the sufferer seems to become warped. This will be seen by an examination of Belfast political literature and oratory at the present moment, and by the letters of Baltic Barons which appeared some time ago in the London Press. Writing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Count Hermann Kaizerling says that the Baltic States are "unfit for independence," and that they "want to get rid altogether of the German-speaking people of the Baltic population." "But the German-speaking Balts," he adds, "simply cannot be got rid of, not only because no nation, unless literally exterminated, ever disappears, but chiefly because they are by far the most efficient among them . . . and have given to the country what-

ever civilization it possesses. The Baltic Germans are by far the best Esthonian patriots."

As a matter of fact the German Balts are represented, and even over-represented, in the Esthonian Parliament, and have a newspaper, published in German, which is allowed to defend their interests.

Writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, the same nobleman objects to the Esthonians getting independence because they "have never as yet ruled themselves." Then he goes on to say, with that lofty disregard for historical fact which one finds among his kind all over the world :— "Their awakening to historical existence corresponded, unfortunately, with the Russian Revolution. . . . The uneducated Baltic masses have been influenced and imbued by the dissolute spirit of the Russian Revolution to such a degree that unrestrained and unprotected from themselves, they are sure to try political experiments of the direst kind. It is clear, therefore, that for a long time to come the inhabitants of the Baltic Provinces cannot be left entirely to themselves."

I do not know whether or not the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland has also been denounced as Bolshevism, but I know that the peasant States of the Baltic are quite anti-Bolshevist. Count Kaizerling's idea is to form Latvia and Esthonia into a super-national State, in which he calmly states that "the Germans would naturally play a more important part than corresponds to their numbers ; for, having ruled for seven hundred years, they are politically the most experienced and the most able, as they have proved for many a century in the service not only of their own country but also of Poland, Sweden, and Russia. . . . They are sure to become the backbone of the new Baltic Nation."

Curiously enough, there are Englishmen who take the side of the Baltic Barons. One of them, a relative of Baron Stryk, writes to the *Morning Post*, saying that "the recognition by the British Government of the Provincial

Government of the Letts perhaps constitutes the greatest comedy. . . . As regards the Baltic nobility, they are gentlemen who have administered their estates for hundreds of years, greatly to the benefit of the Esthonians and Letts." Another contributor to the same paper tries to explain away the fact that the Baltic Barons hardly paid any money at all to their serfs, though he does not apparently see that his arguments would lead logically to the re-establishment not only of the feudal system but even of slavery. Speaking of the Esthonians and Letts, he says that "it was never possible to give them absolute freedom as regards money, for the men would drink it away and leave their families to starve. Therefore they were paid mostly in kind: in food and clothing, with a reasonable amount in actual cash. Hospitals, schools, asylums and medical attendance were provided at the expense of the Barons. Everybody was sure of a living wage, and, up to the outbreak of the war, the bulk of the people rested contented and happy."

Another correspondent of the *Morning Post* puts the case in a nutshell when he says of the Baltic peoples—"Racially they have not the power of governing themselves." How often has the same thing been said of the Irish! Turn over any old number of *The Times* containing a report of an Irish debate in the House of Lords, and you are certain to find the same opinion expressed by some noble lord. I have in fact opened a copy of *The Times* dated sometime last year, and, sure enough, I find it stated there on the authority of Lord Clanwilliam, one of the Irish Ascendancy of course, that "the Irish are one of those peoples who are unfit to govern themselves and who have got to be governed."

It is an oft-used phrase. The Russians used it of the Ests, the Letts, and Lithuanians. How these peoples are actually governing themselves at the present moment I hope to be able to tell in the next number of *Studies*.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF FRANCE.

BY DENIS GWYNN.

IT is one of the characteristics of modern newspaper journalism that it always requires a scapegoat, in dealing with foreign politics as well as in connection with all other questions. For four years Germany gave unlimited scope to the vulgar passion for vilification. When the war ended there was still revolutionary Russia. Now that economic depression compels a more respectful attitude towards Germany and the Soviets, France is rapidly becoming the object of a similar campaign of calumny. In the most respected journals and reviews it is becoming quite common to find France described as a country which thinks of nothing but a revival of military imperialism, which still lusts for revenge upon her enemies, and is continually devising new plans to gratify her inhuman cruelty by imposing economic slavery upon the people of Central Europe. Such language appears again and again in serious Liberal papers and reviews in England which have gained a certain reputation for accuracy of information and for a desire to tell the truth. It finds its way sometimes also into the Irish press, as well as into innumerable newspapers and reviews on the other side of the Atlantic.

To anyone who lives in France such accusations seem grotesquely and exasperatingly dishonest. The truth about French foreign politics is so plain to anyone who sees life in France since the war at first hand, that there would seem to be no difficulty in establishing it in its true perspective. But a sense of proportion is incompatible

with the machinery of modern journalism. In so far as sentiment is concerned, as distinct from the practical problems of politics and economics, the whole trouble of France in regard to her relations with foreign powers consists in the fact that she finds that since the war, instead of having consolidated her former position and prestige in the world, she has suddenly sunk to the status of a second rate power. The Washington Conference has revealed this loss of France's prestige to the minds of ordinary Frenchmen with an awful sense of shock, and this humiliating realisation of the new conditions of her foreign policy was largely responsible for the recent fall of M. Briand from power. M. Poincaré has been brought into office in the hope that his robust and outspoken nationalism will prevent the loss of what still remains of her old traditions. Whether M. Poincaré will be able to do anything to redeem the loss which M. Briand tried to cloak over in repeated conferences and by eloquent promises, is another matter. It is not easy to see where he can make any improvement on the policy of his predecessors, which has been imposed by circumstances from which there has been no apparent way of escape.

No French government in the future could afford to abandon the policy of keeping up a large standing army. But the purpose for which that army is maintained has been wildly misrepresented. It exists primarily to threaten Germany with invasion as often as she tries to evade payment of the reparation money, of which she has hitherto scarcely paid any appreciable portion, and also to preserve some sort of appearance of French power in Europe. France has undoubtedly at the present time an army far greater than any other on the Continent. But it is ridiculous to accuse her for no other reason than that of intending to establish a French military hegemony all over Europe. It should be plain enough that, if France were to demobilise her army, she would at once lose her power to defend her restored provinces of Alsace Lor-

raine from the ever present danger of a German attempt to recover them by force of arms. What is more important, she would lose all hope (and very little hope remains to her) of compelling Germany to pay any appreciable instalment whatever of the money to rebuild the devastated battlefields, without which France herself would go bankrupt within six months. By an intelligent manipulation of the printing presses, Germany has already succeeded in reducing the value of the mark to such a figure as makes the payment of any large indemnity henceforward impossible. By reducing the value of the mark abroad, and by continual protestations of her inability to pay anything at all, Germany has already been able to escape any substantial payment. There is no reason why this policy should not be continued indefinitely. In the meantime the chaos of the German exchanges, deliberately produced by the German government and financiers in self-defence, has led to a clamour in England for remission of the indemnity. France finds herself left with no means of enforcing even the smallest payment except by the threat of occupying German territory by military force. It is perfectly true that any such occupation would not be likely to produce much, if anything at all, in excess of the cost that it would involve; but it is the sole means left to France of securing some sort of guarantee against her own fear of bankruptcy.

It has been the tragedy of France in our time to become the awful example of the fulfilment of Mr. Norman Angell's Cassandra prophecies of the futility of modern warfare. France is in the miserable position of being the one country in Europe which can claim to have met her enemies in pitched battle, and to have defeated them so overwhelmingly as to impose upon them a victorious peace. Other countries had a part in winning the war, other countries shared in her victory. But it was above all France's war and France's victory. What is more, there can be no serious question as to the justice of France's

cause. All the blue books and memoirs that may be published in future to add to the existing revelations of pre-war diplomacy cannot detract much worth serious attention from the plain fact that France was attacked by the most formidable invasion imaginable, in a war for which she was unprepared and for which her enemy was prepared on a scale wholly without precedent. Only the amazing valour of the French armies in facing the onslaught of the German invasion and withstanding for four years the main weight of the German attack saved France from such a conquest as Wilhelm II. and his advisers had every reason to think possible of achievement and had every intention of carrying out. It can scarcely be disputed that Germany wished to crush France in a swift and decisive campaign, and having crushed France and annexed Belgium, to be in a position afterwards to rival and defeat England. It was a clear struggle for the survival of the fittest, and in the end, whether by bad management or for whatever reason, Germany eventually lost. Such at any rate is the ordinary view in regard to the recent war held by people of all classes, apart from a very small minority of intellectuals and pacifists, all over France. It is also the generally accepted view in most countries of the civilised world.

French people therefore feel that they won, by their own exertions, a desperate war in which they were attacked, and that in doing so they saved the rest of Europe and the whole civilised world from the menace of a German hegemony based upon an absolutely ruthless military power. They consider that, without being accused of imperialist or chauvinistic tendencies, they may reasonably claim a certain amount of gratitude for what they have done. In any case they see no reason why they should not be able to count upon their allies in the war, who fought their own battles on French soil, (to say nothing of the help given by the French armies to assist them), in securing not a punitive indemnity from Germany,

but reparation for the appalling devastation which resulted from the fighting of four years on French territory.

Instead of meeting with this sympathy, however, they find that they are being held up to execration in all countries merely because they insist that they have no intention themselves of undertaking the whole burden of repairing the French battlefields. Opinion has been changing rapidly in France during the past two years. The first exultation of victory has given place to disillusionment, which is fast hardening into a determination to assert the rights of France by any available means, regardless of what other countries may think of her. Two years ago most Frenchmen expected, not unnaturally in view of the general sentiment about the war in all belligerent countries, that people would flatter them as the saviours of Europe. Now all that expectation of gratitude is fast disappearing. Frenchmen have learned that there is no use expecting gratitude. They have discovered painfully that no one is likely to help them in their task of recovering the reparation money from Germany. They are at last beginning to realise that other countries, suffering from trade depression, which affects them far more vitally in their overgrown industrial areas than it can ever affect agricultural France, have problems of their own which even compel them to take Germany's side against France. It should be said that they have realised from the beginning that Germany cannot pay without immense difficulty. What they did not know was that they will have to recover the cost of reconstructing the battlefields from Germany unaided, and with the influence of those upon whose help they had counted being used against them instead of on their side.

This question of reparations inevitably dominates all French foreign policy. It must continue to do so until France either secures compensation for what she has spent, and is still spending, on the barest essentials of reconstruction, or else goes bankrupt. There is no

other possible issue from the dilemma in which she is placed. So much has already been spent on reconstruction that even if the battlefields were left in their present half-reconstructed state, France would still have to go bankrupt if she cannot recover her costs from elsewhere. It is not what must be spent in the future so much as what has already been spent that fills her rulers with dismay. The total cost of building the ruined towns and restoring to cultivation the devastated land of twelve departments (each of them about the size of County Cork) is estimated at more than 85 milliards, or about 3,400 million pounds sterling at a normal rate of exchange. The government has already (January 1922) spent 26 milliards, and it is amazing what progress has been made. All around the northern sector in the Pas de Calais and the Nord, and all around St. Quentin and Compiègne, you travel now through land that has all been cleared of shells and is actually being cultivated. The people have returned with magnificent courage to their old homes. Not a week passes even now but some labourer in the fields, some child playing by the roadside, sometimes whole families of villagers, are mutilated or blown to atoms by an unexploded shell that was overlooked in the process of clearing away the débris. But the spirit of the country people is undaunted. They live everywhere in draughty wooden huts that served for four years to house soldiers behind the firing line, or in corrugated iron shanties, some of which are not high enough for a man to stand up in. Some of the labourers are still living in dugouts. In many of the ruined towns, in Arras for instance, there are more people living in the few houses that have been made habitable than there were before the war in the whole town : the overcrowding is an outrage upon humanity. But there were two million people in the devastated districts in 1914, and they are all determined to get back somehow. And they are working night and day to bring their land back into cultivation and to rebuild their homes.

Yet even so, there are whole sectors of the old battle-front where the ground has been so blasted and torn and filled with unexploded shells that nothing can be done with it. A long stretch of country around Albert and the old Somme battlefields lies still almost untouched, and the old duckboards and wire entanglements still clutter up the deserted marshland. It is the same all along the awful battlefields of the Chemin des Dames and of Verdun. In these nightmare tracts of country the wreckage of little towns barely rises above the pile of hideous ruin that lies all round the few remaining broken walls. Yet even these tracts of shattered France are being gradually reclaimed. Nearly a million and a half hectares out of three and a half millions of such waste land have been cleared.

In some parts indeed whole new towns of wooden bungalows and bright new factories are springing up. They teem with busy workers, who live like cattle anywhere that they can get a shelter. Nearly 300,000 houses in all were ruined and about 425,000 partially destroyed. Nearly a quarter of a million of these have now been reconstructed. The first care of the French government has been to rebuild the factory towns. That is the real tragedy of the devastated districts. If it were the south-west or the centre, or the south, or Brittany that had been laid waste, the problem would have been comparatively easy. But it is the great industrial area of France that lies in ruin. It is as though England had to rebuild Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Germans, knowing the vital importance of the area which they occupied, took good care before they retreated from French soil to complete the work of destruction systematically. They knew that, if this north-eastern area were paralysed for long enough, they would have a supreme advantage in recapturing the world's markets after the war. The collapse of the mark has added enormously to their advantage in the industrial competition. And the French on

their side realise that, if they do not rebuild the devastated regions quickly, they will have lost not only their old political power in Europe but their place in the world's industrial markets as well.

That is why they have been rebuilding the factory towns in feverish haste. They have spent milliards upon milliards of francs already in clearing away the débris and in laying the foundations of new factories. And the work is still only in its beginnings. At all costs they must raise the capital to pay for this reconstruction now. It is absurd to say, as so many of the anti-French newspapers are always saying, that France is "spending recklessly." She has no choice in the matter. It is for her a question of life or death. Take the coalmines around Lens, for instance. Before the war they employed an immense army of labour. They were the richest coalmines in France. But for four years Lens was bombarded, not by the Germans, but by the British artillery, which was trying to drive the Germans out. The French themselves took part in the bombardment, and it was no wonder that when the town was at last liberated there were scarcely two fragments of wall standing in its whole extent. Not a trace of any of its formerly crowded streets remained. All was obliterated and turned into a jumbled heap of ashes and brickdust, with yawning chasms where the great shells had broken through the roads into the drainpipes underneath. But somehow or other Lens had to be reconstructed, if the large industrial area which depended upon it for its supplies of coal was to revive. Gangs of workmen, in addition to German prisoners, and, after the Germans had gone home, troops of immigrant workers from foreign countries who could be hired for low wages, were sent into Lens to clear away the débris and get the foundations of the town into some sort of shape.

For three years now the local Reconstruction Co-operative Society has been working in every possible way to rebuild the town. Its streets have been levelled, at

any rate sufficiently to enable traffic to use them again, and all along them there are now rows of little wooden shanties and bungalows where shops and banks and contractors' stores are established and doing considerable trade. But who is going to pay for all that is being done and that remains to be done? The Lens coalmines are only one instance out of scores of important industries that will have to be restored. The money that has been spent on their reconstruction gives a fair idea of how vast is the problem of reconstruction that the French government is vainly trying to solve. Last spring the coal-owners of Lens issued a loan to raise the capital for this work of restoring the mines. They asked for, and got in full, 1,200 million francs, on which interest at the rate of six per cent., free of all taxation, must be paid each year. Everybody knew that even this huge sum must be considered only as a first instalment. Most of it is spent already: it was expected to last no more than eighteen months. And within that time it was not thought likely that more could be done than to finish, more or less, the work of pumping out the mines, which in itself was only the process preliminary to ascertaining how much structural damage had been done to them underground.

This case of the Lens coalmines serves to illustrate the wider problem. The sugar industry, one of the most important in France, which kept tens of thousands of acres of land under cultivation for growing beet, has a similar problem. So have the heavy metallurgical industries around Lille; so also have the northern textile industries and, to a lesser extent, the immensely valuable vintage industry of the Champagne district. These are only the main industries affected, and they involve enormous capitals. But besides the industries the towns and municipalities, like the industries, have had to issue loans for reconstruction. Yet another society is being formed to float a loan in the next few months for the

rebuilding of 2,000 ruined churches in the twelve dioceses which have suffered from invasion. All alike have been relying on the guarantees offered by the legislation that was passed more than a year ago, as a means of combining local and State credit to raise the money that could only be got in France. The State undertook in each case to repay within thirty years, by annuities which would be paid out of the instalments of reparation money forthcoming from Germany, the total amount raised in each loan. All the money that has been raised by these loans—and the town of Reims, for instance, raised 120 millions, Albert 25 millions, and Verdun 60 millions—has been raised out of the savings of individuals, some of them rich, most of them poor, who have all invested in this form of State loan on the assurance that within thirty years they would have got their money back, as well as interest at six per cent. tax free during the interval. The interest on the loans has already begun to fall due and the Government has had to pay it. The question which summarises the whole problem of reconstruction in France is : how is this interest to be paid from year to year, and who is going to pay back the capital that has been borrowed from the French investors ? Since the armistice the French budget has been divided into two parts, one of them showing the expenditure and revenue on the ordinary accounts, and the other making a fantastic attempt to balance the borrowing and interest charges for reconstruction against imaginary reparations recovered from Germany.

That in brief is the reparations question as it affects the future of France. It is the keystone of the whole foreign policy of the country. It necessitates the maintenance of a large standing army. Sooner or later that army is certain to be mobilised to occupy some part of German territory to try to compel the payment of at least one solid instalment of the indemnity. Up to the present not one mark of the little that has been paid by

Germany has been available for expenditure on reconstruction in France. The costs of the Rhine army have far more than swallowed up everything that has been paid. But as the public and the press in France are coming to realise more and more the impossibility of France's paying the indemnity herself and the utter improbability of getting anything more from Germany except by force of arms, it becomes more and more probable that some sort of military expedition will be attempted. That any such adventure would be foredoomed to failure can scarcely be doubted, but that does not necessarily mean that it will not be undertaken. The French are so exasperated that they may at any time decide on a warlike expedition as being preferable, even if it costs them dear, to acquiescence in bankruptcy without doing anything to assert themselves. The question has come down to the simple formula of whether France is to pay for the devastated districts or Germany is to pay for them. No Frenchman would have believed two years ago that such a situation could arise. They would have considered the question as an insult. To-day they are beginning to realise that it is the one vital issue which confronts them. M. Poincaré has been called into power as the man who best represents the nationalist tradition in France to try and find a way of solving the problem.

This growing sense of passionate resentment at betrayal by her allies and this disillusionment with the fruits of victory, has been gravely intensified by the Washington Conference. The Conference did in fact make a great many people rub their eyes in bewilderment. Four years ago the Great Powers of the world were still very much what they had been throughout the nineteenth century. England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, with the United States and Japan as two upstarts who had made such rapid strides that they had compelled their own recognition among the rest, divided the political power of the world between them. But the war

swept aside the Central European dynasties and left Russia a molten mass of anarchy. Only England, France, and Italy remained of the old European Powers, but the United States and Japan had grown to such gigantic stature during the war that they seemed to eclipse the others and caused uneasiness as to what the new balance of power would be like. The Washington Conference has carried the process of elimination still further, and to amazing lengths. Its outcome has been to leave, in place of six Great Powers in Europe, only one. Europe in fact has ceased to count. The whole centre of gravity of world politics has shifted to the other side of the Atlantic, and the old European States, crushed down by the burden of the war are gradually sinking to the relative insignificance of the South American Republics. The net result of the Washington Conference may be summarised in the bald figures giving the ratio of capital ships allotted to each of the nations represented at it. England and the United States each are given 5 tons for every 3 allotted to Japan, while as an act of condescension France and Italy are each allowed to keep 1·75. Could anything show with more dreadful eloquence how far France has sunk from her former greatness ?

Such is the situation in which M. Poincaré finds himself called upon to restore the rapidly vanishing prestige of his country. There is little indeed that he can hope to accomplish. Reparations must be his main preoccupation, but there are two other questions which, after that of reparations, will determine the future of France in Europe. One is the question of the birth rate, and the other that of the black troops. Both questions are closely connected. The birth rate question, in so far as it affects foreign politics, is simply this : that whereas every other nation in Europe has increased its population steadily during the past century, that of France has practically remained stationary. Since the war it has fallen to an extent that would have seemed incredible

before. In spite of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, there are actually fewer people in France to-day than there were in France without the "stolen provinces" in 1911. No other country in Europe except famished and broken Austria has lost in population during the past decade. Germany, if one allows for the loss of territory under the Treaty of Versailles, has increased hers, in spite of the war casualties; so also has Great Britain. France on the other hand has lost so much of her population that even the addition of the recovered provinces with their two million inhabitants does not compensate for the decline within the old territory of France. That in itself would be bad enough. It is far worse when one considers the extraordinary loss of place by France in relation to the other great powers of Europe during the forty years preceding the war. In the year that followed the Franco-Prussian war, France, even after losing Alsace-Lorraine, still ranked after Germany as having the second largest man power in Europe. France had 36 millions as compared with Germany's 41, with 27 millions in Great Britain, 26 millions in Italy, 39 millions in the United States, and 33 in Japan. By 1911 the positions had undergone an extraordinary change. The United States had increased to 99 millions, Germany to 68 millions, Japan to 53, Great Britain to 42, France only to 39, and Italy to 36.

The question of the decline in France's population is too complicated to discuss in detail here. It need only be said that the cause of the decline is well known, that it is due to a deliberate refusal in most parts of France to have more than one or two children to every marriage, so that the average number of children to each family has fallen steadily from 4·5 in 1831 to 2·5 in 1919. There was a certain increase in the birth rate of France after the war, but this coincided with an unprecedented increase in the number of marriages, which were far more numerous in proportion to the population than in any other country in the world. It was feared that as soon as the number

of marriages declined there would be a corresponding decline in the number of births. The statistics for the first half of last year, which were published early in January, prove that these misgivings were only too well founded. The number of marriages in the first six months alone of 1921 declined by more than a hundred thousand, or by nearly one-third of the total for the corresponding period of 1920. It is impossible to hope that this decline will not be reflected also in the number of births for the present year. The result is that, while every other country is steadily increasing its population and consequently its potential man-power, France will at best maintain a precarious equilibrium of births and deaths in any normal year, which would in the event of an epidemic or of any other national disaster be converted into a further dead loss in the population.

The full significance of this tendency, which can only be described as race suicide in France, is being more and more realised among serious politicians who look ahead. M. Poincaré is one of them, and so is M. Clémenceau. Both of them are enthusiastic advocates of large families, but it is an unfortunate fact that most of the leading advocates of large families in France are themselves the parents of at most one or two children. The question is, however, appreciated as being of momentous importance, and above all in relation to Germany. Frenchmen as a rule have no illusions as to the possibility of any fundamental change in the outlook of the people who have for centuries been their hereditary enemies. They do not believe that, having recovered Alsace-Lorraine, they can now count securely upon retaining their possession. They anticipate, and history suggests that they are amply justified in such expectations, that as soon as Germany has sufficiently recovered from the last war, she will try to regain Alsace-Lorraine, and may not rest content with such limits to a successful war. There can be little doubt as to the probability of such a war in the future. It is

easy, therefore, to understand the anxiety of French politicians in regard to the relative strength of their own man-power and that of Germany. When the last war began, they were already at a disadvantage, for their own population of 39 millions was confronted with 68 million Germans, whereas the ratio forty years earlier had been 41 Germans to 36 Frenchmen. In another twenty years' time, unless France reverts to the old custom of large families—and the present tendency appears to be more strongly than ever towards smaller and smaller families—it is likely that there will be some 75 or 80 million Germans at least (for Germany still has a population of 60 million) against perhaps not more than 35 million Frenchmen, or even 30 millions.

Faced with that situation, the French Generals are looking to their potential resources of reinforcement. They have made the discovery that they have large resources in their colonial troops. General Mangin, who is regarded as the leading authority on the black coloured troops in the French service, announced when he returned from his diplomatic tour through South America a few months ago, that France "is a country of a hundred million inhabitants." It is worth reflecting upon that remarkable statement. It is by no means the expression of a purely personal view. It represents the attitude of a growing body of opinion in the French War Office and at the Quai d'Orsay. Here at any rate, France can score over the Germans, if nowhere else. Germany has lost her colonies, but France has retained hers. There is a growing disposition among Frenchmen to say that if France's so-called allies will not help her to recover from Germany the cost of rebuilding the battlefields which they themselves helped to destroy, they cannot be allowed to interfere with France's own arrangements for the maintenance of her system of national defence. France sees no objection to employing black troops, and she will not easily tolerate any prohibition upon her action in enrolling as many of them as she pleases.

It is easy to see what complications may arise, especially with America, in the event of future military adventures undertaken by France if the black troops are employed in any large numbers. But the French are seriously beginning to regard their black troops as their main source of recruitment for defence against a future German war of revenge. The question may yet become one of the most acutely controversial issues in all European politics. There is no knowing to what lengths it may not be carried. But for France it is an issue of fundamental importance, and there will be much more heard of it in the future. If an overwhelming pressure of public opinion in other countries should compel France to limit the employment of her coloured troops, her future is very gloomy indeed. In any case, even if she does succeed in enrolling a great army in her colonies in Africa and Asia, her future will be based upon a very undependable military factor. That is a criticism which the French government would readily admit, but they will not admit any objection to the principle of employing coloured troops as such. French people apparently feel no racial antipathy either towards their African or their Oriental troops. There are black deputés in the Chambre in Paris, there are Africans in high administrative posts, and their race is not regarded as the smallest barrier to their advancement. There would seem to be more prejudice among ordinary Frenchmen against Jews than against Africans. It is a curious trait in the national psychology, which explains the amazed resentment felt throughout France at the objection taken by other countries to her employment of black troops in the Rhineland. It explains also the extraordinary fact that so sound a French nationalist as General Mangin should seriously contemplate rebuilding the military and political prestige of France upon the enrolment of coloured mercenaries, whom he quite honestly regards as citizens having equal rights and duties with those of Frenchmen themselves.

Paris. DENIS GWYNN.

IRELAND'S SOURCES OF POWER SUPPLY.

BY LAURENCE J. KETTLE, M.I.E.E., M.I.MECH.E.
City Electrical Engineer, Dublin.

Report of the Water Power Resources of Ireland Sub-Committee, 1921.
Memoir on the Coal Fields of Ireland, Irish Commission of Inquiry, 1921.
Report of the Irish Coal Industry Committee, 1919.

DURING the past three years more investigatory work has been carried out on the subject of Ireland's natural power resources than during all the preceding century. No systematic survey has ever been made of Ireland's natural resources—certainly not of her power possibilities. The reason for this neglect is so obvious as to need only passing reference. Great Britain was a great coal producing country and what she required in Ireland was customers, not competitors. This general principle was applied to power as well as to manufactures. From the British point of view it would be sheer waste of money, and worse, to spend it in investigating Irish native resources. Until recently, therefore, any seeker after information on the subject of Irish power possibilities was usually compelled to hark back to Sir Robert Kane. Kane's work is excellent as an outline treatise and contains a wonderful amount of interesting information of a general character. It contains, however, but little information sufficiently detailed to be of commercial value.

The Great European War somewhat altered the aspects of the power supply market. Great Britain's home supply of coal ran very short, and coal prices rose to three and four times the pre-war prices. Coal was needed for France and Italy, and it became necessary for Great Britain to economise in her home consumption. Under this stress of circumstances she decided to give some attention to the conservation of fuel and to the problems of obtaining power from other sources. A "Coal Conservation Committee," an "Electric Power Supply Committee," a "Fuel Research Board," and a

"Water Power Resources Committee" were appointed. Subsequently, owing largely to the initiative of the Irish Coal Controller, Mr. Burgess, Irish Committees were formed—one to deal with the subject of the Irish Coal Industry, one to investigate Ireland's Water Power Resources, and one to inquire into the preparation and use of Irish Peat.

In addition to the work of those Committees very important investigation work has been carried out by the Dail Eireann Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland. The vigor and thoroughness with which these investigations have been prosecuted reflect great credit on the Secretary, Mr. Darrell Figgis. A very exhaustive Memoir has already been published by the Commission on the subject of Irish Coalfields, as well as a Report on Industrial Alcohol, and there are in preparation a Report on Peat, a Report on Water Power, and a Report on the Economic use of Coal.

Outline of a National Power Supply System.

Before dealing with the subject matter of the various Power Reports it will be necessary to outline the proposed Irish Power Supply System, as the final objective must always be kept in view in exploiting any Irish power resources. The proposed System is nothing particularly novel. It merely sets out the conclusions arrived at, and the ideal sought after, by countries which in this matter are not so favourably placed as Ireland.

The problem as to how Ireland's future power supply is to be generated and distributed presents no great difficulties; but the successful solution of it will call for the expenditure of much energy, hard work, and careful thought. The general nature of the power supply scheme may be summarised in the words "National Power Supply." It is now accepted everywhere that the power resources of a country should not be developed in a detached and disconnected way, but as one concrete proposition.

In all the older industrial countries the power-generating machinery was installed piecemeal and in such a form as seemed best to the individual power producers, and absolutely without any regard to standardised methods or to the common interest. As a natural consequence the efficiency of such a country's power supply is in most cases hopelessly poor. In the coal producing countries this effect is most marked. In Great Britain, for instance, the power supply is derived from thousands of steam power installations, most of them small and highly inefficient. The British Coal Conservation Committee estimates that, if the coal at present consumed in Great Britain for power purposes were made efficient use of, three times the present power could be produced from it. Even the comparatively modern installations, such as the public electricity supply works, have been equipped without any regard to standardization of system or of working conditions. In London alone there are 70 different authorities supplying electricity for the use of the public, with 70 different power works, 50 different types of system, 24 different voltages, and 10 different frequencies. This makes the work of establishing a National Power Supply System in Great Britain exceedingly difficult and expensive.

In spite of this fact, however, the British Coal Conservation Committee has been forced to the conclusion that the provision of a standardised National Power Supply is absolutely essential if the power resources of the country are to be utilised with reasonable economy, and if industry is to obtain the great benefits which would result from cheap power. A beginning has already been made with this British National Power Supply System.

Other countries are now moving on the same lines. Switzerland was one of the first countries to realize the necessity for a common national power supply system. In Switzerland most of the developed power was water power, but this had been developed over a considerable period of time and under many different systems. Switzer-

land is now engaged in standardising these various systems so that all sources of power can be connected up to a common national transmission and supply network.

Ireland is a late comer into the industrial field and this fact is a great advantage from the standpoint of power supply. She has no multiplicity of different supply systems to reconcile, no antiquated machinery to scrap. She can start with a clean sheet, and can profit by the mistakes and the experience of other countries.

When Ireland's National Power System has been developed, the whole country will be supplied with power from a network of electrical transmission lines. Into this network all the power-generating works will deliver their electricity, whether it be generated from water, from coal or from peat. Ultimately there will be but little transport of fuel, as the power will be converted into electricity at the source and transmitted in that form to the consumers. From the main transmission network will branch off lines to power users, whether these be public bodies or individual private users. The power generating authorities will not necessarily concern themselves with the detail distribution work ; they will simply deliver in bulk to the various local authorities, who will, in turn, have their own distribution networks, from which they will distribute to their own customers.

The electrification of the railways and the installation of electric haulage on the canals will be only a matter of time. In the lay out of the transmission lines due regard must be paid to this development, and the lines must be so arranged as to eventually feed the transport system.

This brief description of the future National Power Supply System sets out the ultimate result which should be kept in view. It must not, however, be assumed that Ireland is to wait for the development of her power resources until such time as this complete scheme can be carried into effect. Various sources of power will be utilised throughout the country as required in order to supply cheap power, which will be an incentive to develop

existing industries and to start new ones. But in all these power development schemes the ultimate aim must be borne in mind, and all the projects must be developed on standard lines, so that the various power works can eventually be connected together by means of the National Power transmission lines. Furthermore, no partial development scheme should be permitted if it will later impede the general development. This applies especially to river water power. Schemes should be formulated on standardised lines for the full power development of each river. This development may be carried out sectionally, but always in such a way that the various sections will dovetail into the complete plan.

Power Control Authority.

It is quite obvious that in order to secure development on proper, standardised, well thought out lines, there must be a central authority. It is equally evident that this authority must be the State. The State must not only take control of the power supply, but must take possession of the sources of power supply. This will be a comparatively cheap and simple matter as there are few vested interests to be bought out. The water power is practically undeveloped, a great part of the peat bogs have always been regarded as a liability rather than an asset, and the coal resources have been exploited in only an elementary way.

The first step however, a step which can and must be taken *at once*, is for the State to take control of the power supply. To this end a State Department must be formed which will have, *inter alia*, the following functions :—

(1). To formulate in general terms a National Power Scheme. To decide upon the standards which are to be adopted. To plan out the future main transmission lines. To organise and supervise the power survey and investigation work.

(2). To act as consultants to the economic experts in drafting schemes for the founding and development of small industries.

(3). To investigate all power development proposals, whether emanating from municipalities, local councils, or private entre-

preneurs, with a view to ensuring that the national resources shall be utilised in the best way. To hold public inquiries into these schemes so as to afford an opportunity for all the interests concerned to be represented.

(4). To exercise a power of veto over all power proposals, and to modify or alter these proposals with a view to securing standardisation, combined action, and national efficiency, with the ultimate aim of combining all Ireland's power supply into a National Power Supply System.

(5). To ensure that power shall be produced as economically as possible, and supplied at as low a rate as possible, and to regulate power prices.

(6). To arrange for financial assistance for the development of power by public authorities or joint supply authorities.

(7). To initiate power supply schemes and to arrange for the carrying out of such schemes, either by the State direct or through the intermediary of authorised supply bodies representative of the various interests concerned.

(8). To arrange compulsory wayleaves and easements; to exercise compulsory powers for the acquisition of the necessary lands, etc., needed for power schemes, with such compensation as shall be deemed fair and reasonable by the State.

This Power Department will have the advice and assistance of Sub-Departments concerned with water-power, peat, coal, etc. These Sub-Departments will take immediate charge of the survey and investigation work in their particular spheres.

In Great Britain many of the above Power Department functions are already vested in the Electricity Commission set up in 1919. This is in the nature of things, as a national power supply must necessarily be electrical.

Ireland's Present Sources of Power.

At present the main source of power in Ireland is imported coal. The term "Power Supply" is intended to cover not only motive power for industry, but all energy used for industrial and domestic purposes, including heating, lighting, and transport. Ireland's present Power Supply is derived from the following sources :—

Imported Coal approximately	4,500,000 tons.
Irish Coal approximately	90,000 ,,
Irish Peat approximately	6,000,000 ,,

The Peat is used almost exclusively for domestic purposes. Taking the 6,000,000 tons of peat as roughly equivalent to 3,000,000 tons of coal and setting out the fuel requirements in terms of coal, Ireland's present fuel requirements may be sub-divided as follows :—

Domestic Purposes	5,185,000	tons.
Industrial Works ..	1,420,000	,,
Railways	460,000	,,
Gas Works	400,000	,,
Electricity Works	125,000	,,
TOTAL (tons of coal) ..	7,590,000	

How far Ireland's own undeveloped power resources will contribute to supply her present and future requirements can be ascertained only by a detailed examination of the nature of these resources.

I. WATER POWER RESOURCES.

Water Power is an exceedingly valuable asset to any country. Fuel reserves become diminished as the fuel is dug out; but water power, however fully utilised, can never become exhausted. Owing to electrical progress and development water power can be used for practically every purpose for which fuel was formerly an essential, whether it be for motive power, heating, lighting, or metallurgical processes. The water-generated electricity can be carried easily and cheaply to any point at which it may be required. Consequently countries like Switzerland, which have practically no coal and very little in the nature of mineral resources, but which are rich in water power, can compete successfully in the world's markets against the coal producing countries.

Water power, when available in an easily utilisable form, is by far the cheapest form of power. Certain large electro-chemical industries, such as the production of nitrates from atmospheric nitrogen and the reduction

of aluminium oxide to form aluminium, depend entirely on very cheap power and have in consequence become centralised round the water power sites.

Total Water Power available.

The Water Power Resources of Ireland Committee have estimated that in Ireland there is available at least 500,000 horse power. This water power is the equivalent of some 7,500,000 tons of coal per annum, and if developed would be worth at least £10,000,000 per annum. As has been pointed out, the total annual fuel consumption of Ireland is equivalent to 7,590,000 tons of coal per annum, so that the easily available water power would be sufficient to replace fuel entirely, if it could be made available for all purposes for which fuel is used. This estimate of 500,000 horse power is a conservative one.

Besides examining the subject in its general aspect, the Committee had detailed surveys carried out and reports made on four specific river schemes. These rivers were the Lower Shannon, the Erne, the Bann, and the Liffey. The estimated power and cost of these schemes are set out in the following table :—

	Electrical Horse power.		Cost.		
	Installed.	Average Continuous.	Total.	Per H.P. Continuous.	
			£	£	
Shannon	65,900	52,500	2,834,000	54	4 stations on river.
Erne	71,300	45,500	2,060,000	46	4 stations on river.
Liffey	29,600	8,300	920,000	111	6 stations on river.
Bann*	(*a*) 13,424	5,369	759,200	141	With Storage
		5,369	360,800	67·2	Without Storage.
	(*b*) 11,932	4,772	748,500	156·8	With Storage.
		4,772	340,800	71·4	Without Storage.

*For the river Bann two schemes are proposed, and each scheme is worked out with storage and without storage of water.

It is accepted that, if the capital cost of waterpower per continuous electrical horse power does not exceed £100 to £120, it will be a commercial proposition to develop it as against steam power with coal at 20 shillings per ton. Judged by this criterion it will be seen that it would pay to develop the waterpower set out above.

A noteworthy and important feature of these four development schemes is that the work can, to a large extent, be carried out in sections, without undertaking the full development at once and without interfering with the ultimate full development.

Necessity for Water Storage.

Owing to the fluctuations in the flow of the Irish rivers it is essential in most cases to provide ample storage to tide over the dry seasons. Otherwise full advantage could not be taken of the waterpower, or the industries dependent on the power could be run only seasonably, which is seldom an economic possibility nowadays. In Switzerland, or in any country where rivers are fed by melting snow or glaciers, the water available is greater in summer than in winter. In countries situated as Ireland is, the winter flow is much greater than the summer flow. This is a marked advantage as, apart from industrial work, much more power is needed for heat and light in the winter than in the summer.

In the case of the four rivers surveyed ample storage can be secured. On the Lower Shannon the storage can be obtained by lowering the level of Lough Derg two feet below the present navigation level, by lowering the level of Lough Ree, and by raising the level of Lough Allen five feet. On the Erne the necessary storage can be got by varying the level of Lough Erne five feet. On the Bann, provision for lowering the level of Lough Neagh will provide the storage. On the Liffey, storage can be got by constructing a dam across the gorge at Poulaphouca and by flooding the valley above the dam.

This provision of water storage in connection with the development of river water power will serve other useful purposes. The regulation of the river, thus made possible, will prevent flooding at times of heavy rainfall and will keep the river up to level during periods of drought, thus benefiting agriculture, fisheries, and navigation.

Mountain Lakes.

The Irish mountain lakes, especially those of Donegal, Connemara, and Kerry, offer fascinating possibilities in the way of cheap waterpower. The average power installation is estimated at 175 horse power, but many of them would exceed 500 horse power, and in some cases several lakes could be combined to produce some thousands of horse power in one installation. The main attraction of those lakes is that the power could probably be very cheaply developed. This cheap power should be a strong inducement to start local industries in districts in which employment is badly needed. In addition to the cheap power, some of the sites are within easy reach of deep water harbours, so that no difficulty would be experienced in the matter of transport.

Immediately possible Developments.

Two of the four detailed schemes are ripe for immediate development. These are the Liffey and the Lower Bann. A difficulty in the way of large power schemes is that consumers are not in sight for the power when it is developed. But in the case of those two rivers the consumers are already in being. The mills of the Bann valley could absorb the full power of the Bann, and the city of Dublin is within easy reach of the proposed Liffey power stations. It is true that in both cases the water power will have to compete with existing steam power. With cheap imported coal this competition will, from a purely financial standpoint, be keener than some of the

water power enthusiasts seem to think. No good will be done for water power development by leading the public to imagine that water power will, in every case, eclipse steam in the matter of cost. Apart from the question of cost, a great point will undoubtedly be achieved if Irish industries are rendered independent of imported coal. Further, on the point of cost a good case can be made for the schemes in question. The Dublin Municipal Authorities, realising that one completed and successful scheme will do more for water power development than reams of paper propaganda, have taken in hands the Liffey proposals. Realising further that an unsuccessful scheme might do very serious harm, they have retained the services of an eminent Swiss hydro-electric expert of ripe experience to investigate the possibilities of the Liffey and to report to them. This Report should be available at an early date, and the nature of the report will govern their further action in the matter.

The Liffey development scheme should be in the nature of a joint scheme in which all the large power suppliers and public bodies would co-operate. These should include the Dublin Corporation, the Dublin Tramway Co., the Dublin County Council, the Rathmines and Pembroke Councils, and other public bodies interested. It was necessary for someone to take the initiative, and the principal authority concerned has done this. With cordial co-operation from the beginning and with the support of the State authorities, there seems to be no reason why the Liffey should not provide the necessary stimulus for extensive power development work.

II. Coal Resources.

Compared with Great Britain the coal resources of Ireland are small, though by no means negligible. When, owing to movements of the earth, the North Atlantic ocean basin was formed. Ireland lay on the edge of the European continent, and the drainage to the ocean swept

away the deposits above the coal measures, and also swept away the richest of the coal measures themselves. The corresponding coal layers in Great Britain remained, and constitute the richest of the British coal seams. The North Eastern corner was the only portion of Ireland which escaped this sweeping action. Consequently what would be the bituminous coal seams were swept off the greater part of Ireland ; such seams remain only in Antrim, Derry and Tyrone. In the rest of Ireland only the lower coal measures remain, constituting the anthracite fields. The earth movements had the further effect of folding up the coal seams, leaving them at varying angles instead of horizontal. This makes the seams difficult and expensive to work. Notwithstanding these unfavourable effects of natural movements there remains in Ireland a very considerable coal reserve capable of profitable exploitation.

Extent of Irish Coal Reserves.

The comparative chaos caused, in the coal measures of Ireland, by the earth movements and their consequences make it an exceedingly difficult matter to form even approximately accurate geological estimates of the extent of the Irish coal reserves. The Irish Commission of Inquiry has published a very exhaustive and valuable Memoir. In this they estimate Ireland's coal resources from Known Exposed Coalfields at 2,044,000,000 tons. This takes no account of the Known and Unknown Concealed Coalfields. The Irish Coal Industry Committee of 1919 estimates the Actual Coal Reserves of Ireland at 180,560,000 metric tons and the Probable Coal Reserves at 47,930,000 metric tons. This estimate takes no account of Concealed Coalfields.

As the above two estimates, both based on geological information, seem to vary so widely, it may be of interest to set them out side by side. It is important to note that the Coal Industry Committee's estimate excludes seams

less than one foot thick, and also excludes the Munster field.

	Commission of Inquiry.	Coal Industry Committee.
	Tons.	*Metric Tons.*
Leinster Coalfield	299,000,000	156,730,000
Slieve Ardagh Coalfield ...	40,000,000	15,080,000
Munster Coalfield (Hypothetical)	1,570,000,000	—
Connacht ,, ...	29,000,000	8,696,000
Ballycastle ,, ...	49,000,000	13,720,000
Coalisland ,, ...	40,000,000	31,210,000
Annaghone ,, ...	17,000,000	3,000,000
TOTAL ...	2,044,000,000	228,436,000

The Castlecomer Collieries have been working for over three centuries, and their coal has always constituted the bulk of the Irish coal output. The output from the Irish collieries never seems to have exceeded 150,000 tons per annum. The output in 1919 was approximately 95,000 tons, made up as follows :—

Castlecomer (anthracite) ..	60,000	tons.
Wolfhill (anthracite)	14,000	,,
Arigna (semi-bituminous) ..	17,000	,,
Slieve Ardagh (anthracite) ..	4,000	,,
Total	95,000	tons.

The Irish Coal Industry Committee anticipates that the Irish Coal output could be increased to 500,000 tons per annum, giving employment to 4,000 men as against 893 men in 1918. This figure seems to be quite a reasonable one and is certainly not an over-estimate. Of these 500,000 tons probably 300,000 will be anthracite and 200,000 bituminous or semi-bituminous coal. The district in which the greatest and most rapid development is likely to take place is the Coalisland field, which pro-

duces bituminous coal very similar to the imported Scotch coal.

Character and Value of Irish Coal.

The bulk of the Irish coal output and of the Irish coal reserve is anthracite coal. Most people regard anthracite coal as " bad " or " unsuitable " simply because they have never been taught to use it. Nearly all the coal imported from Great Britain is bituminous coal, which ignites easily and burns freely, and the great bulk of fuel consuming apparatus has been designed for burning bituminous coal. Anthracite coal is a more valuable form of fuel than bituminous, a fact long recognised in the United States and on the European Continent. Anthracite is widely used in the States, and large quantities are exported from Wales to France, Germany, and Italy.

Specially designed apparatus is required for the burning of anthracite coal. There is a large manufacturer of anthracite stoves in Ireland, but practically his entire output is exported to the Continent to burn the anthracite exported from Wales. Anthracite coal burned in these stoves is by far the most efficient form of fuel ; one ton of anthracite will go as far as two tons of bituminous coal and will give twice the comfort. Anthracite is also especially suitable for the production of power gas, and considerable quantities of this coal for this purpose are imported into Ireland from Wales.

Survey and Control of Coal Resources.

The Irish Coal Industry Committee comment on the chaotic state of affairs regarding the control and development of Irish coal. Three State Departments deal with the subject, and none of them very effectively—the Land Commission, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and the Geological Survey. The Land Commission has no staff, no machinery, and no funds, to investigate, develop, or exploit mineral resources. The

Department of Agriculture collects information and statistics. The Geological Survey deals with the scientific rather than with the economic aspect of the coalfields. It is by far the most efficient of the three departments in this matter; but it is undermanned, starved, and stunted for lack of funds.

The Coal Industry Committee recommends :—

(1). That the responsibility for the development of the mineral resources of Ireland should be placed upon an Irish State Authority such as a Ministry of Mines.

(2). That the Ministry of Mines should have wide powers in connection with boring and searching for minerals.

(3). That the Ministry of Mines should have general control of the Geological Survey, and that the latter department should be strengthened and adequately financed.

(4). That the Loch Neagh investigation work should be continued.

(5). That certain transport facilities should be developed.

A Minority Addendum to the Report recommends the nationalisation of Ireland's mineral resources.

Proposed Power Department and Ministry of Mines.

A Ministry of Mines would not appropriately come under the control of the Power Department as it has wide interests other than sources of power supply. Such a Mines Department should, however, leave all power supply questions in the hands of the Power Department.

In a further article it is proposed to deal with the possibilities of sources of power other than water and coal, and also with the industrial and social effects of the proposed National Power Scheme.

Laurence J. Kettle.

LOTOSLAND.

THE day lights through no laden fronds
That land where all things always sleep,—
Spent waves that sink in silent ponds,
And rocks, and wild wind-riven wands
And a pale ruined keep.

And, somewhere near, the crags slope low
To wreathéd sandhills where the bent
With dusty green doth beard the glow
Of silver sands, and to and fro
Nods as if somnolent.

And from the inland flow three streams
Where murmurous deep waters race,
And their soft-foliaged darkness seems
Itself to husband its own dreams
In a lone hollow place.

Here through the leaden clouds the day
Rises, and still the afternoon
And the old twilight still are grey;
And when the white eve faints away
Most mournful is the moon.

Nor do the seasons come and go
With all their wonted fervency
Of summer-bloom and winter-snow;
Only the tide's long ebb and flow
Changes unchangingly.

A wayfarer who wandered thence
Told me the people of that land
Have half forgot their life and sense,
And live in shadowy indolence
That we scarce understand.

But in their hearts the same desire
For something higher and more fair
Than they themselves, the same wild fire
That bids our restless souls aspire
Sears them with yearning there.

ARTHUR LITTLE.

THE SOUL'S EVENING.

THERE is a vale in my soul's secret hills,
And here we glide at every dusk of day,
I and the twilight—while the darkness spills,
In saddening silence, on the glimmering way.

Here all the same tall trees, with lessening stain,
Quiver in visible dimness on the sky,
Through thickening veils that are not mist nor rain,
Where all the wonderlands of vision die.

Here all the ghostly music winds e'er wove,
A-whistling through the night's hair dark and wet,
Quivers with taut intenseness, strained above
The brainsnap of all unexpressed regret.

Here, while the painéd sunset round us lingers,
Burning the twilight to repressèd fire,
The darkness writes with sure, unfailing fingers
The epitaph of every man's desire.

Here, while the dayfall hangs so darkeningly,
The night creeps round the tints with wings outcast,
The last bird skims the silence hushédly;
And I thank God for *all* things that are past.

Then inner vision smiles away the grief
Upon the grey face of all passingness,
And Heaven round the listening soul doth weave
The peaceful mystery of her silences.

M. MONGEY.

THE LAND OF VISION.

TO each one comes the call—somewhere—someday :
"Arise, and go
Into the land of vision. Take thy best
And dearest, as a victim drest
For sacrifice. There will I show
The Mount where thou the holocaust shalt slay."
Now comes the call to me ...
And it is night ....
Darkness upon the way,
And agony.
Far off, above the mountains, dawns the light ...
And there the Lord will see.
But here, amid the shadows of the plain,
Is parting, pain :
Here, the companions of the well-known road,
By habit dear, are bidden stay :
A higher worship claims this urgent God.
The wood of sacrifice I, silent, lay
Upon the offering designate of Heaven,
And carry fire and sword :
Fire of a hot devotion to the Lord
That blasts what has been loved ;
Sword of stern courage to fulfil His Word.
We mount. The dear familiar paths—
To distance now removed—
Dissolve like wraiths ;
And in the brooding solitude
Memory awakes, seeking to hinder me,
Reckoning bygone joys and past delight,
Beloved faces,
Intimate sweet places,
When life appeared so good
And Earth so fair.
Yet, O my God, I dare ...
I dare not look behind,

Nor cease to climb the steepled height;
This is the spot Thou hast designed . . .
Here, now, upon this altar, I must bind—
With my own hand—
My very self, and slay at Thy command! . . .
An earthquake shakes the mountain-side and rends
The iron rocks; the tempest bends
To breaking the primordial trees . . .
And lo! from out the flame
One speaks my name . . .
"Now do I know thou fearest God,
And hast not spared thy dearest for My sake;
By My own Self I swear—
Thou shalt possess thy gates in peace;
Thy sacrifice shall bear
Innumerable seed; and thou the sod
Of thy own flesh shalt rule, wherein I make
All former discord cease."

M. S. Jerome.

TO IRELAND.

"Do ċum ɡlóiɲe Dé aɡur onóɾa na h-Éiɲeann."

WHO see thy face their queen acclaim thee,
A Éiɲe ðílip, a ċip mo ċɾoiðe;
Henceforward in a holy knighthood
Their lives are vowed to God and thee.

A ċip mo ċɾoiðe, a Éiɲe ðílip,
Thy cause is higher than thine own;
Thy realm is kept for Heaven's Ruler,
Thy treasures crosses, grace thy throne.

H. E. G. Rope.

UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS.

XVII.—Neglected Merit.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, PH.D.

The following poem is anonymous in the only copy known to me, Book of O'Conor Don, f. 358*b*. Its author was a master of technique, who used the beautiful and elaborate metre called *sédnadh* without any appearance of constraint.

A poet of high standing was not supposed to recite his own compositions; that was the function of his attendant *reacaire* or *bard*. Here the poet addresses his attendant, giving him a message to carry to a patron whom he calls "Domhnall's heir," "Domhnall's son," "Mac Carthaigh," "Chief of Glandore." This was evidently a chief of the MacCarthys of Carbery, whose official title was Mág Carthaigh Riabhach, in English MacCarthy Reagh. It may have been Finghin (son of Domhnall), who died in 1566, and of whom the Four Masters say, "he was a man who had not placed his affections on this world, and who had no knowledge of his possessions, or how much he had laid up." But the name Domhnall is common in that family. There is nothing to identify the poet himself, or to show why he had been slighted.

1. Tríall, a reacaire, reac m'fhuighle,
imthigh go grod, ná gabh sgís
gan dol d'fhéaghain[1] chinn ar ccoimhghe:
fill ré sgéulaibh oirne arís.

2. Beir leat úaim go hoighre Domhnaill
díoghrais bríathar a mbía brígh:
tabhair aghaidh a ttáoibh thola
ar chráoibh taraidh[2] fhola hIr.

3. Aithin meisi do Mhac Carthaigh.
ná ceil air a n-abair mé:
mo bheith mar tám cuir[3] 'na chlúasaibh,
as nár[4] dá fhuil úasail é.

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[1] dfhech— MS. [2] tor— MS. [3] taim cur MS. [4] náir MS.

4. Ba ná capuill, ór ná airgiod,
ní fhuil agam, innis só :
labhair agus déana deinmne,[1]
tabhair sgéula deimhne dhó.

5. Crúacha as muca d'easbaidh oram,
ní hé amháin do ísligh m'úaill :
ceachtar dhíbh ní fhoil ar m'fhagháil,
mar soin do shín m'anáir úaim.

6. Mé táoibh rém ealadhuin d'ionnmhus,
aithnidh damh nach drud ré sdór :
gé beag ag cách í fan úairsi,
do bhí tráth nárbh úaisle an t-ór.

7. Duit budh béim mo bheith ar éattráigh,
a úa Carthaigh nár chláon cairt :[2]
beir oirne má táoi rém thógbháil,
a oighre chráoi fhódbháin Airt.

8. Cuir a suim nách mé do mharcach,
a mheic Domhnaill nár dhiúlt cléir :
mé tar chách do-chóidh amudha,
is tráth ó chóir dá chura a ccéill.

9. Tabhairt éra ar áoinneach eile
ní heól úaibh—gá hairde nós ?—
béim ar do bhronnadh ní foghar,
acht th'ollamh féin folamh fós.

10. Tríall ar éigsibh na ccóig ccóigeadh
ad cheann, a chodhnaigh Chúain Dor ;
lór ar fhéaghadh[3] é mar iongna[4]
mé um éanar[5] fa dhiomdha[6] ag dol.

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[1] deimhne MS. [2] ceart no cairt MS. [3] fhéuchain MS. [4] iongnadh MS.
[5] énfear MS. [6] dhiomdh— MS.

11. An galar tromsa ina ttarla,
tráth a leighis ná léig thort;
a chnúas géag Oilill as Fhíachaidh,
féag[1] an bfoilim d'fhíachaibh ort.

12. A reacaire, foillsigh feasda
fada an rún do-rinneas ríamh:
druid romham go ceann ó cCairbre,
as romhall leam thairge tríall.

Tríall.

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[1] féagh MS.

Translation.

1. Go, my reciter; recite my words; depart speedily; let no weariness keep thee from going to see the head of our protection; turn again to me with tidings.
2. Take from me to Domhnall's heir earnest words in which there shall be meaning; turn thy face in friendly wise towards the fruitful branch of the blood of Ir.
3. Commend me to Mac Carthaigh: hide not from him what I say. Put into his ears that I am as I am—it is a shame to his noble blood.
4. Cattle or horses, gold or silver, I have none: tell this. Speak and make haste, give him sure tidings.
5. That I lack corn-ricks and pigs, not that alone has humbled my pride: neither of these things[1] is within my reach—my honour likewise has fallen from me.
6. That my art is my only wealth is, I know, no prospect of fortune. Though all men now despise it, there was a time when it was precious as gold.
7. To thee it will be a reproach that I am in deep water, O descendant of Carthach[2] who perverted no treaty. Take hold of me, if thou wilt lift me up, thou heir to the fair-sodded Fold of Art.
8. Show that I am not thy horseman, O son of Domhnall who never refused the poets. I am lost beyond all others, it is time rightly to make this plain.
9. Thou art not known to have denied any other—what character is higher? No blemish is found in thy bounty, save that thy own poet is still empty-handed.
10. The learned of the Five Fifths flock towards thee, O chief of Glandore: that I alone depart unsatisfied is marvel enough to look upon.
11. This heavy sickness in which I am—let not the time for healing it pass thee by. O cluster of the branches of Oilill and Fiachaidh,[3] see whether thou art bound to relieve me.
12. My reciter! make known now the secret that I have kept too long. Go before me to the head of Cairbre's descendants: too slow, methinks, thou art in offering to go.

Osborn Bergin.

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[1] That is, wealth or honour.

[2] Carthach, *a quo* Clann Charthaigh, was killed in 1045.

[3] Fiachaidh Muilleathan, from whom the MacCarthys and O'Sullivans claimed descent, was grandson of Oilill (in Old-Irish Ailill) Olum, who was supposed to have reigned in the third century.

JAMES BARRY.

BY THOMAS BODKIN.

"JAMES BARRY," says Alan Cunningham in his *Lives of British Painters*, "was the greatest enthusiast in art which this country (*sic*) ever produced. . . . He hungered and he thirsted, not figuratively, but truly for its sake; and from boyhood to the tomb devoted all his faculties to establish a School of Painting which, avoiding common or familiar subjects, should embody only what is dignified, magnificent or sublime."

His principal work, the decorations of the large hall of the Royal Society of Arts in the Adelphi, was described, and I believe justly, by Samuel Redgrave as a "great epic work still unsurpassed in the English School." Dr. Johnson declared that he beheld in it "a grasp of mind which he could find nowhere else."

Yet Barry and his works are now so completely neglected that when I went to see these paintings two years ago, I found that the porter who admitted me did not know even the name of their painter. They had never been photographed until I got permission to erect a scaffolding for the purpose.

Modern writers on art seem to have engaged in a conspiracy to blacken Barry's fame. The Royal Academy treated him with abominable injustice during his life, provoked by his harsh temper and intolerable scorn. But there is less excuse for men with all the facts before them writing a century after his death, when time might

have been expected to soften views of his prowess and personality too much coloured by the self-centred prejudice of his peers.

We find such a just and sensitive critic as the late Sir Walter Armstrong declaring that Barry's character was "detestable" and that his genius was composed of nine parts vanity and one part talent. There are, I admit, some slight grounds for these harsh strictures; yet Barry's character was in many ways most noble, his talents outstanding and his career perhaps the most tragic of any in the history of art.

He was born in Cork in the year 1741, of a father who had begun life as a builder, but who, at the time of Barry's birth, followed the sea, commanded a vessel which traded between England and Cork and was also the owner of a little inn on the quayside. Barry, when a small boy, was brought on several voyages by his father; but he hated the prospect of a sailor's life, and spent most of his time sketching the coast and drawing figures with chalk on the deck for the amusement of the sailors. The father soon realised it was useless to fight against his bent.

We know nothing of the artist's mother save that her name was Juliana Rearden, and that her portrait by her son hangs to-day in the premises of the Royal Society of Arts.

As a mere boy Barry displayed the extraordinary obstinacy, diligence, power of hard work and passion for learning that characterised his whole life. He copied the best prints he could borrow, and injured his health by sitting up for whole nights to study in the light of candle ends which he had saved up for the purpose. Two Catholic priests, between them, gave him a thoroughly liberal education and a good knowledge of the classics. A Cork bookseller commissioned him, before he was fifteen, to draw some illustrations for a volume of stories, which cannot now be traced. He probably acquired a knowledge of the technique of oil painting from John Butts, a local

landscape painter, though his independent mind was never turned to landscape. The grandiose in history or legend alone attracted him. Before he left Cork in 1763, at the age of twenty-two, he had painted, among other works in oil, an "Aeneas escaping from the burning of Troy," "Susanna and the Elders," "Daniel in the Lions' Den," and "The Baptism of the King of Cashel by Saint Patrick."

With these he came to Dublin. There is a story, which cannot be authenticated owing to the loss of the Royal Dublin Society's records for the year 1793, to the effect that the Society awarded him a premium of ten pounds for the latter picture. When the prize was to be presented and the name of the artist was called, it is said that young Barry in his rough homespuns came forward, and that the fashionable audience were much amused by what they deemed to be his audacious pretentions to an undeserved honour. "It is mine," he cried, as he ran mortified from the room, "and what is more I can paint a better." All this was observed by Edmund Burke, that great-hearted genius who helped in his day so many Irish painters, and he sought out young Barry, praised and encouraged him, and in 1793 brought him to London.

"The Baptism of the King of Cashel" was bought for the Parliament House in College Green, and perished there in the fire of 1792.

Burke now presented him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who thought highly of his talents and probably contributed not a little to his disasters by his insistence on the importance of what the eighteenth century called "the grand style," which Reynolds so persistently preached and so inconsistently omitted to practise. Barry's natural bias was all in the direction of the President's theories. After he had passed a short period of study with James Stuart, better known to fame as "Athenian" Stuart, the President declared that he was ripe for Rome, and Burke, with amazing liberality, sent him thither at once and

supported him there for five years, during which time his own finances were in a very chequered state.

Barry's study in Rome was broken by constant broils with artists, connoisseurs, and picture dealers, to whose ideas he felt antagonistic, or whose frauds and pretentions he considered deserved exposure. He would brook no compromise and, apparently, sought controversy with all and sundry who differed with him on any point of art or of honour. He studied the theory and history of art assiduously, but seems to have far too much neglected the actual practice of his profession. He painted little, sold nothing, and wasted time in strange speculations on the canons of human proportions and the origin of Gothic architecture. Reynolds corresponded with him for a while, but gave it up when he realised how little effect he could hope to have on Barry's intractable temper. Burke, who continued to be his steadfast friend until the end of his days, wrote him letters of the greatest good sense and kindness, for which poor Barry was always grateful but which did little to cure his inveterate asperities.

He came back to England in 1771 with only one picture, and that unfinished, his "Adam and Eve," which now hangs in the Irish National Gallery, on loan from the Royal Society of Arts. It is veiled by a thick coating of old varnish; and it shows unhappy mannerisms in the anatomical structure of the figures, the result of Barry's theories on proportion at the time. But no one of taste could deny that it has dignity of design; and no one of learning could deny that few of Barry's English contemporaries could afford such proof of sound technical accomplishment.

It had nevertheless, as may be easily imagined, no popular success, nor had any of his subsequent pictures in the same style. The taste of the age, formed by the work of Hogarth, Reynolds and Gainsborough, was unsympathetic to classical subjects. Barry several years afterwards made a concession to the public, perhaps the only one of

his life, and determined to paint a modern subject on which many of the painters of the day had tried their hand. This was "The Death of General Wolfe." He felt however, that modern clothes were a degradation not to be tolerated; and those who thronged to see this work in the Royal Academy of 1786, for his intention of painting it had been frequently announced, were astonished, and by no means pleased, to find the battle of Quebec represented as a combat of naked warriors. If Barry had clothed them in the armour of ancient Romans it would not have been thought unseemly in any sense. It will be remembered that when Sir Benjamin West proposed to paint his fine picture of the same subject, Reynolds urged him to adopt the costumes of antiquity. Barry's idea was, at least, much less absurd than that of Reynolds.

In spite of public apathy Barry's commanding abilities impressed themselves on his fellow painters. Shortly after his return from Rome, in 1772, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy and within three months later a full Member. Between 1771 and 1776 he sent sixteen pictures to the Academy exhibitions. After 1776 he exhibited no more. The high opinion that Reynolds and the Academy entertained of him is shown by his having been chosen in the first year of his membership as one of the artists to carry out the offer of the Academy to decorate Saint Paul's Cathedral. But the project fell through, and he remained with little employment.

Efforts were made to induce him to take to the painting of portraits, which he considered to be an occupation unworthy of a serious painter. In general he would bid those who wished to commission portraits from him to be off to "that fellow in Leicester Square," by whom he meant Reynolds. He was persuaded by Dr. Brocklesby to finish a picture of his benefactor Edmund Burke, which is a splendid portrait, in many ways greater than the famous Reynolds portrait of the same sitter. It was shown at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1774.

We are fortunate in having it now in the National Gallery of Ireland. During the process of its painting Barry came very near to quarrelling with Burke over some fancied slight to his professional dignity. Burke, however, with his usual magnanimity, refused to let the painter's anger smoulder, and preserved their friendship.

It is characteristic of Barry that having finished the picture he would not part with it, though he must have sorely needed money at the time. It remained in his possession till his death, when it was purchased for the paltry sum of nine guineas. The portraits of Dr. Johnson in the English National Portrait Gallery and of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland (reproduced in *The Connoisseur* for September, 1919), show that he could have succeeded as a portrait painter had he been so minded. He had no ambitions for such success.

In the year 1777 Barry commenced his great work, the decoration of the hall of the Society of Arts with six vast oil-paintings on canvas, each one eleven feet high, four of them fifteen feet two inches long and the other two, forty-two feet long. He offered to do them for nothing, provided he was reimbursed for the costs of his materials and models and allowed to hold a public exhibition to which admission would be by payment. He hoped to finish the series in three years. It took him almost seven years of unremitting toil. When he started work he had but sixteen shillings in his pocket, and he supported life during those seven years mainly on bread and apples, earned by engraving and drawing for printsellers in the evenings when his daylight work was over. The Society of Arts treated him churlishly. Notwithstanding the extent and success of his labours, they only varied the original contract by the gift of two hundred and fifty guineas and a gold medal—awarded, in their own words, "in testimony of his public zeal and eminent abilities." The exhibition brought in just over £500.

The subject Barry strove to expound was "Human

Culture." He desired, to use his own words, "to illustrate one great maxim or moral truth, viz., the obtaining of happiness as well individual as public depends upon cultivating the human faculties." The six pictures, in their order, are:—The Story of Orpheus reclaiming Mankind from a savage State; The Grecian Harvest Home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; The Victors of Olympus; Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; The Distribution of Premiums by the Society of Arts; and, Elysium and Tartarus, or the State of Final Retribution. They still exist, slightly darkened with age and the impurities of the London atmosphere, but in a state of preservation which shows that Barry was a master of the craft of his art. They display the most varied powers of imagination and of artistry. In places passages of surprising beauty, glowing in colour and graceful in line, are linked to passages of dull, undistinguished, mechanic labour. At times the allegory conveyed is lucid and elegant, as in the Grecian Harvest Home, which is the best of the series on all grounds; and at times, as in the Triumph of Navigation, it is fanciful and forced to the verge of insanity. Without Barry's own explanations, which are themselves somewhat crazy, the designs could never have been fully interpreted.

In the pamphlet written and published by himself to explain the significance of the series "The Triumph of the Thames" was thus described:—

> The practice of personifying rivers, and representing them by a genius, or intelligence, adapted to their peculiar circumstances, is as ancient as the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture. It has, therefore, been my endeavour to represent Father Thames as of a venerable, majestic, and gracious aspect, steering himself with one hand, and holding in the other the mariner's compass. . . . .
>
> The Thames is carried along by our great navigators, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and the late Captain Cook of amiable memory, in the character of Tritons; overhead is Mercury, or Commerce, summoning the nations together, and in the rear are Nereids carrying several articles of our manufactures and commerce of Manchester, Birmingham, etc., ...

As music is naturally connected with matters of joy and triumph, and that according to all necessary propriety, the retinue of the Thames could not appear without an artist in this way. I was happy to find that there was no necessity for my co-operating with those who seem inclined to disgrace our country by recurring to foreigners, whilst we can boast a native, so eminently distinguished for his musical abilities as Dr. Burney, whom I have introduced here behind Drake and Raleigh.

This moved an unpoetic dowager of fashion to exclaim : " It irks me to see my good friend Dr. Burney paddling in a horse-pond with a bevy of naked wenches."

When Barry's Adelphi decorations were first shown to the public he achieved a triumph. Jonas Hanway, the inventor of the umbrella, insisted on paying a guinea instead of a shilling as the price of admission to view them. I have quoted Johnson's eulogy, and Johnson, be it remembered, had suffered from the painter's caustic pen and, to some extent, from his brush. I will quote one other tribute of a different, though not less sincere, nature. Lord Aldborough ended a letter of extravagant praise addressed to the painter by declaring : " My house and fortune are at your service till your fortune equal your abilities." This splendid offer was not accepted. Barry would be beholden to no one but himself. He had lived on Burke's bounty at Rome, but after his return he had borne poverty with the most unflinching dignity and independence.

Towards the close of his work at the Adelphi, the Academy, in 1782, paid him the high compliment of electing him to be their Professor of Painting. That proved a most unfortunate appointment for him. Till the decorations were finished he had no time to prepare nor deliver the requisite lectures. Reynolds remonstrated mildly with him on the delay, and Barry replied by insults and by shaking his fist in the President's face. All pretence of friendship was over between them, and both James Northcote and John Bacon, the sculptor,

have recorded that Reynolds expressed to them his positive hatred of Barry. The first of the lectures was at last delivered in 1784, and five others followed in quick succession. They are far more distinguished in style and matter than those of his two successors. Indeed, with the exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds's masterly discourses and those of Mr. George Clausen, R.A., they are, possibly, the best of all the lectures delivered in the Academy up to our own time. Ruskin quotes from them twice with approval in the early pages of *Modern Painters.*

Barry continued to read them at intervals until the year 1798, altering them considerably and adding to them as time went on. They proved a lasting cause of friction between himself and the rest of the Academy; for, as he read, he introduced such caustic comments on the work of his colleagues as suggested themselves. Reynolds was often shot at, and would shift his ear trumpet at the crucial moment to avoid the appearance of having been hit. It is pleasant to be able to record that the two men were reconciled before Reynolds died and that Barry in his lecture which followed the President's death spoke of him both as man and as painter in most appreciative, eloquent and touching terms.

In 1799 Barry brought the Academy's bad feeling against him to a head by a clever publication entitled, "A Letter to the Dilettante Society, respecting the Obtention of Certain Matters essentially necessary for the Improvement of Public Taste, and for accomplishing the Original Views of the Royal Academy of Great Britain." In this he inveighed against alleged abuses connived at by his colleagues. They moved at once. A committee was appointed to investigate his conduct. Barry, in a dignified letter, asked for a copy of the charges, which was refused. The committee reported to the General Assembly adversely. A motion to postpone further discussion till Barry was given an opportunity of defending himself was defeated; and one for his expulsion was carried by a

majority of four. The King sanctioned these proceedings, which had no semblance to impartiality, and drew his pen through Barry's name on the Roll of Members. Barry said or did no more by way of defence or complaint.

From thenceforth he lived in extreme poverty and loneliness. He sold no pictures and supported himself precariously by the sale of the coarse etchings which he himself had executed of his Adelphi designs.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, the Irish President of the Royal Academy, has described the squalor of his living-room where he still continued to plan and paint a series of huge works illustrating theology. The first of these, called "Pandora, or The Heathen Eve," a splendid piece of draughtsmanship and composition, if Schavonetti's engraving of it is accurate, was nearly finished when he died. It measured eighteen feet by ten, and was bought at the sale of his effects, on April 10, 1807, for £241 10s. 0d. In 1846 it was again put up at "Christie's" and sold to a dealer for eleven and a half guineas. It is now, seemingly, either lost or destroyed.

By his break with the Academy Barry was removed from most opportunities of fruitless controversy, and hopes were fairly entertained by those who believed in his genius that he might yet produce work of supreme merit. He was not old for an artist. They are a long-lived race. He existed in a fashion of poverty-stricken discomfort; but he had long inured himself to every form of hardship, and his frame at sixty-five was tough and his constitution hardy. Some of his friends, to secure that worldly cares should not press too heavily upon him, combined to buy him an annuity, and for £1,000 Sir Robert Peel contracted to pay him £120 a year for as long as he should live. The Earl of Buchan promised to add £10 annually to this sum.

He never received even the first instalment. Early in 1806 he was seized in the street by an attack of pleuritic fever. He was carried home; but mischievous boys had

plugged the keyhole of his door with pebbles and an entry could not be effected. The night was bitter, and, shivering with disease, he was brought to the house of his friend Bonomi, the architect. He desired to be left alone, and bolted the door. For forty hours he refused medical aid. It came too late. He tottered out to see a doctor, who sent him back to his bed, where he lingered a few days longer. He conversed cheerily with those who came to see him, and showed neither dread nor desire of death. On the 20th of February, 1806, he died in peace and tranquillity, fortified by the rites of the Catholic religion, which he had always professed and practised.

The Academy remained aloof from his obsequies. But the Society of Arts permitted his remains to be carried from the hall of the Adelphi which he had adorned to Saint Paul's, where he was laid with some pomp and ceremony beside Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Few of his works can now be traced, though several of the best of them are, in all probability, still to be found in Ireland. Dublin is fortunate in possessing, as well as those I have mentioned, a fine picture of Cymbelene, which is in the Royal Dublin Society's premises and sadly needs a cleaning; and a portrait of an old harper and a drawing which are in the National Gallery. Two other drawings are in the Soane Museum, and no fewer than eighteen in the Print Room of the British Museum. There is an oil painting of a lady by him in the Gallery of Nottingham.

Engravings of Barry's lost pictures, some of which were done by such well-known engravers as Valentine Green, John Raphael Smith and Rosapina, show several of them to have been singularly beautiful in composition and drawing. He etched and aquatinted many plates after his own work; but they were hurriedly done for a livelihood and are unpleasantly rough in execution. He is also supposed to have experimented in lithography, but I have never seen a lithograph from his hand. He

scraped at least one mezzotint, a portrait of himself, towards the end of his days. Prints from this plate are very rare, but an excellent proof may be found in the National Gallery of Ireland.

All his writings were collected by Dr. Fryer, and published with a memoir and some wretched outline illustrations in two folio volumes, in 1812. Most of them hold little interest for modern tastes, though he was a shrewd critic at times, and was almost the only man of his day to recognise the genius of Richard Wilson, who worked in a manner so different from his own. His famous answer to the Abbé Winckelmann, entitled "An enquiry into the real or imaginary obstacles to the arts in England," is an excellent piece of polemics packed with outlandish learning.

As a man, Barry, with all his faults, must have been a great figure. In the days of his isolation and poverty Burke would go down alone to his wretched dwelling in Castle Street for the pleasure of talk with him. One of Burke's biographers describes him frying a steak for supper while Barry, the host, went out to fetch a tankard of porter. Burke often declared that he had never spent a happier evening in his life. A more impartial tribute to Barry's powers may be found in a letter sent by Sir Thomas Lawrence to his mother shortly after his first arrival in London. The courtly and calculating youth writes: "I have had the pleasure of seeing the great Mr. Barry. He is in truth a great man. To his wonderful talents for his profession he unites . . . the noblest and most sublime mind I ever met with. There is a clearness and precision in his ideas, together with a strength of language by which they are conveyed to you, so that even the most indifferent subject, when taken up by him, appears in a different light to what you have ever before viewed it in."

Robert Southey has also put on record his impression of Barry's charm which drew him, too, in his turn to 36 Castle Street.

A very different type of man to these three witnesses,

the sculptor Joseph Nollekens, that cranky but shrewd judge of his fellows, was always friendly with him, in spite of the curious incident which J. T. Smith tells of, as follows :—

> Barry, the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English Coffee-house, to exchange hats with him. Barry's was edged with lace and Nollekens's was a very shabby, plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he had left him his gold laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat." This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate : and he generally added, "It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem."

Smith, himself, evidently shared the common prejudice against poor Barry or he might have seen the humour of his excuse ; for he admits elsewhere that Barry was perfectly master of wit to render it a nuisance to those at whose door he thought proper to throw it. When Barry died, Nollekens, to the amazement of his friends, overcame his usual penury to the extent of purchasing, for £12, at the artist's sale the "Cupid instructing Mercury on the Lyre," which hung henceforward in his own house till he died in his turn seventeen years later.

Portraits of Barry are numerous. Northcote and Opie both painted him, and one of his portraits by Opie is in the National Gallery of Ireland. He did at least six of himself. Of these, one is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, another in the premises of the Royal Society of Arts. In all he appears a man of powerful intellect and character. It is related that his smile was singularly sweet and his face in anger most fierce. Perhaps the best of the self-portraits is that done with two friends in the flush of his youth and hope at Rome. It forms a melancholy contrast to his mezzotint of himself as an old, sad, disillusioned man. In these two pictures may be read the

tragedy of a great spirit ruined by an uncompromising temper and by that kind of high ambition which, only when it fails, is called gross vanity.

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THOMAS BODKIN.

WITCHCRAFT.

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

WHAT is the truth about witchcraft? A lady of advanced views, learned in Coptic and professing to speak in the name of the science of anthropology, has lately published at the Clarendon Press some very astonishing conclusions on the subject of witches.[1] Although she is prudently vague as to what she does precisely accept as reliable testimony in this matter, she repudiates with emphasis the idea that the so-called confessions of the accused are all unworthy of credence. She affirms that there were people of both sexes, commonly known as "witches," who formed a class apart from the community at large. She declares that they bound themselves to their chief, whom they regarded as devil or god, by some kind of pact; that they renounced Christianity and went through a formal ceremony of initiation; that they were organized locally into circles or "covens"; that they held regular meetings called "sabbaths," at which hideous obscenities were practised, with feasting and dancing, as well as ritual observances which parodied the Mass; that at the instigation of their leaders they deliberately set themselves to work mischief—not stopping short of bodily injury or death—upon neighbours whom they considered objectionable; that they practised sacrificial rites, sometimes by shedding their own blood, sometimes by the immolation of animals or children; that they kept "familiars," both for purposes of divination and also to

[1] *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe: A Study in Anthropology.* By Margaret A. Murray. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1921. 16s. net.

render service to the witch herself, these familiars being believed to be spirits or devils which had been transformed into animals—cats, dogs, birds, mice, toads, and other such small deer; finally, that the witches often gloried in their dependence upon the object of their worship, and that they went rejoicing to their death, under the belief that they were his substitutes in some hazily conceived drama of divine self-immolation.

Those who are familiar with Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough* will not fail to perceive here the echo of ideas which that work was the first to popularize, and in fact Miss Murray in the opening pages of her book propounds the theory that what she calls the "witch-cult" was simply the survival of a prehistoric form of religion which a thousand years of Christianity had not been able to eradicate. According to her theory the witches who were the victims of the *Hexenwahn* were the representatives, often through heredity, of certain primitive beliefs of paganism. They served another god, different from and, as they supposed, more powerful than the God of the Christians. They were content that in their confessions this deity should be identified with the devil or Satan, for many of his attributes were evil, licentious and cruel. Miss Murray gives to the whole complex of beliefs and practices which she deduces from her study of the witch-trials the name of "the Dianic cult."

Though I find myself fundamentally opposed to her chief conclusions and entirely distrustful of the very loose process of reasoning by which she elaborates them from the data before her, still I am not prepared to say that no colour of justification at all can be found for the line of argument she adopts. It is possible and even likely that some vestiges of primitive folk beliefs should survive among the class of persons, generally very ignorant and often isolated, because malicious and unpopular, who most readily fell under suspicion. The so-called "Canon Episcopi" of the ninth century which is preserved to us

in the "Ecclesiastical Discipline" of Regino of Prüm, provides a notable example of such survivals of paganism. It recounts how :—

> Certain abandoned women, turning aside to follow Satan, being seduced by the illusions and phantasms of demons, believe and openly profess that in the dead of night they ride upon certain beasts along with the pagan goddess Diana and a countless horde of women, and that in these silent hours they fly over vast tracts of country and obey her as their mistress, while on other nights they are summoned to pay her homage.[1]

The "countless horde of women" here spoken of, as we learn from another passage,[2] were not understood to be real women but only "a crowd of demons transformed into the likeness of women"; but, as the Canon proceeds to point out, the worst mischief of these delusions is that a multitude of other people are misled by such tales and begin to think that the pagans are right in believing that there may be some rival divinity outside the one true God (*aliquid divinitatis aut numinis extra unum Deum esse*). For this reason priests are admonished "earnestly to instruct the people that these things are absolutely untrue and that such imaginings are planted in the minds of misbelieving folk not by a divine spirit, but by the spirit of evil." It is plain also that, amongst the other superstitious pagan beliefs which were current at this period must be included the idea that it was possible for human beings to be transformed into animals; for the Canon concludes by declaring that "whoever believes that anything can be made, or any creature changed to a higher or lower nature, or be transformed into another shape or appearance, save only by the Creator Himself, who made all things and by Whom all things were made, such a one beyond doubt errs against the Faith."[3]

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[1] Migne, P. L. cxxxii., 352. [2] *Ibid.* 284.

[3] *Ibid.*, 353. It is an illustration of the very slip-shod nature of Miss Murray's scholarship, so far as regards all matters ecclesiastical, that she has not discovered that the attribution of this decree to the Council of Ancyra in the fourth century is quite erroneous.

But while we must expect to find isolated fragments of paganism, such as a belief in the aerial flights of the goddess Diana or in lycanthropy and other theriomorphic transformations, embedded in the witch-lore of this and other much later periods, I fail to find in Miss Murray's pages any justification at all for the theory that the superstitions which evoked such horrible excesses of cruelty, on the part of Protestants and Catholics alike, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were a recrudescence in an organised form and on a vast scale of a prehistoric cult anterior to Christianity. To begin with, I cannot for one moment share that lady's belief in the trustworthiness of what is, practically speaking, the only available evidence and is certainly the only evidence which she quotes, viz., the confessions of the witches themselves. Miss Murray would have us suppose that many of these avowals were not extracted by torture. She says :—

> In most of the English and many of the Scotch trials legal torture was not applied ; and it was only in the seventeenth century that pricking for the mark, starvation and prevention of sleep were used. Even then there were many voluntary confessions given by those who, like the early Christian martyrs, rushed headlong on their fate, determined to die for their faith and their god.[1]

One would like to have more information about these last cases, but though it would seem an important point in the whole train of her argument, Miss Murray, beyond this general remark, tells us, practically speaking, nothing of the circumstances under which the confessions she quotes were obtained. They are all shuffled together to illustrate the particular points she is concerned with at the moment, and identical extracts of many lines from the same confessions are sometimes printed two or three times over within a few pages of each other. Our author seems to assume that her readers must have very short memories.

[1] *The Witch-Cult*, p. 16.

The one "martyr" about whom the book before us supplies any details is John Fian, executed in 1591 for plotting the murder of King James VI. of Scotland by witchcraft. Fian, under torture, made a confession; then finding apparently that his confession would not save him, he made his escape from prison, but was recaptured. After this he retracted his confession, and no torments which could be devised were able to draw from him any renewal of his former admissions. That he was a brave man is plain, but this is hardly a case which could be quoted in proof of the trustworthiness of the confessions made in the witch-trials. Father Frederick Spee, the heroic Jesuit of whom Father Duhr has given us so attractive an account in his *Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge*, leaves a somewhat different impression of the value of confessions such as those which Miss Murray quotes so freely. In his famous work, *Cautio Criminalis*, Spee speaks as follows:—

But in further proof that they understand not, I refer to their usual mode and manner of speaking, when they say that of the accused some had confessed to the sin of witchcraft without being subjected to the torture. For the like have I heard more than once with my own ears, and this not only from judges and commissaries, but also from ministers of religion, and all these have I heard declare that such and such a one had freely and voluntarily acknowledged his sin and therefore must be guilty thereof. Is it not indeed a matter of wonder that men should make so evil a use of the gift of speech? For when I questioned them still further how and in what manner it had happened that their voluntary confessions were made, they acknowledged to me that the said individuals were indeed tortured, but only with the hollow or toothed leg screws (*Beinschrauben*) on the shin bones, whereby on that tender part the flesh and the bone were crushed together as it were into one mass, so that the blood spurts out, and many hold that not the strongest man can withstand the same; and yet this is said to be a confession voluntarily made and without torture, and to this they subject the poor creatures, and write forthwith to their lords and masters.[1]

Or let us take another example, the official records of

[1] *Cautio Criminalis*, Quæstio, 21.

which have only been published in quite recent years. In 1657 Jeanette Huart, of Sugny, in the Ardennes, an elderly woman, who was the more exposed to suspicion because her mother and aunt had previously both been burnt as witches, was accused of witchcraft and brought to trial. When she was first subjected to the usual interrogatories, she absolutely denied all the evil and malicious practices of which she stood arraigned. It was held, however, that, owing to her antecedents and associates, there was vehement suspicion of her guilt, and she was accordingly tortured. In the agony of her sufferings the poor woman admitted everything which had been alleged against her. She had denied her baptism, she had made a pact with a devil who was named "Souffoque," she had attended the Sabbath dances, etc., etc. Then, in the official record of the process, it is stated that "she ratified the heads and declarations set out above purely of her own free will (*de sa pure et franche volonté*), without the least threat of torture," and she was in due course hanged and immemediately afterwards burnt. Who can for a moment doubt that if she had refused to ratify the confession, thus extorted from her, she would at once have been subjected to torments still more extreme than those already inflicted until she had learned by experience what the phrase *de sa pure et franche volonté* really amounted to? She was a wise woman to make a virtue of necessity. Her sister, Marson Huart, aged sixty, also at first denied and then subsequently admitted that she had had criminal relations with a devil named "Belzébuth," that she had been present at the sabbaths, had poisoned people, etc. It is interesting to learn from section 7 of the interrogatory still preserved to us that the parish priest had spoken out in defence of the accused. A question was put to Jeannette Huart in the following form :—

Who has informed her of what the Curé of Sugny said last Sunday in the church in favour of the prisoners, she having told her gaolers that she knew of it by divine revelation ?

Answer.—Someone told her that the Curé had spoken strongly in their behalf, but she forgets whom she learned it from.[1]

With these examples before us, one cannot feel any great confidence in the accuracy of our reports when we find in English chap-books such headings as "the Examination and *Voluntarie* Confession" of this or that witch who had been condemned to the stake. Of really authentic records of our witch trials we possess practically nothing which gives the proceedings in any detail. Everyone knows, of course, that it is the proud boast of the common law of England that it never recognised torture as legal. Still that little detail did not prevent the hideous cruelties of Topcliffe and other priest-hunters in the reign of Elizabeth; and the mere fact that there is no explicit mention of the rack in such reports as we possess of certain witch trials proves nothing. Speaking of these sorcery cases Dr. J. Williams says: "Confessions, too, appear to have been often extorted by actual torture, and torture of an unusual nature, as the devil was supposed to protect his votaries from the effects of ordinary torture."[2] Miss Murray makes considerable use of certain unpublished trials found in the Guernsey *greffe*, but she does not mention that, as we learn from another source, the confessions in witchcraft cases in the Channel Islands during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were frequently obtained by torture.[3] The perversity and credulity of some of the Continental judges, men like Bodin, de Lancre and Rémigius, from whom our author draws so largely for her materials, exceed all belief. Horst, in his *Zauber Bibliothek*, quotes the following striking example:—

Five or six women of Lindheim were frightfully tortured to make them confess that they had dug up the body of a child recently buried in the churchyard of that place, in order to concoct from it the witch-broth (*Hexenbrei*) for their incantations. They acknow-

[1] T. Delogue, *L'Ardenne Meridionale Belge* (1914), pp. 199, 236, 248, 249.
[2] *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (11th ed.), article "Torture," Vol. xxvii., p. 76.
[3] J. L. Pitts, *Witchcraft in the Channel Islands*, p. 6.

ledged the fact. The husband, however, of one of the accused eventually prevailed upon the authorities to allow the grave to be opened in the presence of the pastor of the village and of several witnesses. They found the child's body untouched in its coffin. But the authorities, in the excess of their fanaticism, declared that the body they found there was a mere counterfeit placed there by the devil to frustrate the ends of justice. They insisted that, as the accused had confessed, their confessions must stand good, and that for the honour of the Trinity, as it was commanded that all witches and necromancers should be destroyed, the accused must be sent to the stake. And so the whole six were burnt.[1]

Even more damaging to the credibility of the witch confessions than the fact that they were for the most part made under torture, or under threat of torture, is the nature of the communications themselves. Miss Murray employs, of course, a certain euhemerism in their interpretation. She rationalises their more glaringly preternatural features. When these unfortunate women declare that they met the devil and signed a pact with him, our author is satisfied that the meeting really took place but that the supposed devil was an ordinary man who played the part. Indeed she implies, if she does not explicitly affirm, that in many cases the witches themselves were quite well aware that he was a man, that they even knew his name and where he lived, but that they believed that the divinity whom they worshipped was incarnate in him. The lord of the particular coven was in fact their god, and they paid him homage with all the incredibly filthy rites which Miss Murray, it would almost seem, goes out of her way to emphasize. When this god or devil is stated in the depositions to have appeared in the form of a goat, or a bull, or a stag, or a dog, or a cat, these descriptions, we are told, need cause no sort of difficulty. It was simply a man dressed to play the part.

The suggestion [we read[2]] that the devil was a man, wearing either an animal's skin, or a mask in the form of an animal's head as a ritual disguise, accounts as nothing else can for the witches'

[1] Vol. ii., p. 374. [2] *The Witch-Cult*, p. 15.

evidence as to his appearance and his changes of form. . . . The witches never admitted in so many words that the Devil was a man disguised, but their evidence points strongly to the fact. In some cases the whole body was disguised, in others a mask was worn usually over the face.

Miss Murray entirely ignores the other alternative, viz., that the evidence points even more strongly to the fact that the whole description was a crazy figment, sometimes developed by the leading questions of the examiners, sometimes suggested by the fantastic and traditional stories that were everywhere current—and especially in those districts where the witch epidemic had taken firm hold—regarding the devil's appearance and behaviour, sometimes deliberately invented with that morbid desire of the hysterical to startle or astonish. In point of fact the depositions are incapable of being rationalised in any way consistent with belief in the veracity of the narrator. Take, for instance, the riding through the air on beasts or broomsticks. Miss Murray declares that the number of witches who claim to have done this is relatively few. They may be relatively few in her pages, but there are plenty of such stories in the German witch trials and in other similar sources. Take, for example, the Guernsey witches Collette du Mont, Marie Massy and Isabel Becquet. They were all tortured after conviction to obtain information regarding their accomplices. Under these circumstances they each of them described how the devil appeared to them, sometimes in the form of a cat, sometimes of a dog, sometimes of a hare; further, how they each had anointed themselves, when he bade them do so, with flying-ointment. Thereupon, to quote the confession of the first-named :—

She went out of her door, when she was immediately carried through the air at a great speed ; and she found herself in an instant at the place of the sabbath, which was sometimes near the churchyard, and at other times near the seashore in the neighbourhood of Roquaine Castle [this is a remote extremity of the island], where, upon arrival, she met often fifteen or sixteen wizards and witches,

with the devils who were there in the forms of dogs, cats, and horses, which wizards and witches she was unable to recognise because they were all blackened and disfigured.

She further states that the devil gave her various black powders to throw upon cattle or people whom she wished to injure. When she or the other witches threw the powder, the victims fell ill, but sometimes she restored those so affected to health again by means of herbs, which she also received from the devil.[1] Similarly in cases cited by Miss Murray we learn how Françoise Secretain, on her own confession, admitted that "she had gone to the Sabbath ever so many times, and that she went upon a white stick which she put between her legs." Claire Goenon confessed that she had travelled to the meeting of witches" by means of a stick greased with ointment." Julian Cox, in 1664, declared that "one evening she walked out about a mile from her own house, and there came riding towards her three persons upon broom-staves, borne up about a yard and a half from the ground." The Guernsey wizard, Martin Tulouff, in 1563, described how, when he happened to be in company with a certain old witch, "she bestrode one birch-broom and he another, and the said old dame flew straight up the chimney and he lost sight of her, and that she had said before she started, 'Go, in the devil's name and in Lucifer's, over rocks and thorn-brakes.'" He admitted that he had not been able to imitate this himself, but had seen her fly up the chimney on four or five different occasions.[2]

One does not know how Miss Murray proposes to rationalise those accounts, but she apparently thinks that the matter is quite easy. She admits that the flying on a broomstick through the window and up the chimney "is usually considered the ultimate proof of the absurdity and incredibility of the whole system."[3] For my part I should prefer to say that it is first of all a proof

[1] See J. L. Pitts, *Witchcraft in the Channel Islands*, pp. 9-27.
[2] *The Witch-Cult*, pp. 104-106. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

of the entire untrustworthiness of the testimony given by the parties concerned. Miss Murray, however, seems satisfied that the flying on broomsticks "can be accounted for when the form of early mound-dwellings is taken into consideration, and when it is remembered that among savage tribes there are often taboos connected with the door, the two-faced god (Janus or Dianus) being essentially a deity of the door." This, I must confess, seems to me the loosest sort of thinking I can remember ever to have come across, not even excepting the logic of Sir James Frazer. No doubt the anthropological data mentioned may help to explain the presence of the *idea* of flying up the chimney in any person's mind. If he wants to get out, and must not go through the door, and there is a hole in the roof, his thought will naturally turn to the practicability of going up like a sky rocket. But if he afterwards reports that he actually did fly through the roof, he still remains an unveracious person and an absolutely untrustworthy witness, though we may be able to explain to ourselves how it happened that his romancing took the particular form it did.

But once we declare that the witches in their confessions stated things to be facts merely because the idea of such things was in their minds, where are we to stop? Miss Murray wants her readers to accept as realities the appearances of the witch-god (a man) in animal form, the assembling of men and women in remote places to perform all the hideous rites of the sabbath, the black Mass, and all the other horrors. But why is it not sufficient to believe that these ideas, being part of the devil lore of remote ages, were already in the minds of the hysterical and mentally unbalanced women who formed the great bulk of the victims of the witch mania, and that in the confusion between dream and fact which is characteristic of such cases, they partly, sometimes wholly, persuaded themselves that the incidents they confessed to had really occurred. Miss Murray's idea of a human witch-god dressing himself

up in the most fantastic disguises, with animals' heads and skins, in order to persuade some poor elderly and probably ill-favoured woman to become his tool or to gratify his passions appears incredibly extravagant when we bring it to the test of the actual depositions, even as they are given in scrappy extracts in her own pages. How was it that the man who impersonated the devil was never caught, but only his poor victims ? How was it that he was able in those days of most difficult locomotion to travel to remote country places, carrying with him a whole trunk-full of theatrical properties such as Miss Murray's theory inevitably requires ; for often the devil in a few minutes changed from a cat into a hare or into a bull or into a horse ? And how is it that in the descriptions which the witches give of the devil appearing in the form of a cat, or a dog, or a hare, they practically never mention (there seems to be an exception or two in the Guernsey records) that this animal was of a prodigious size. And how is it that the pacts made with the devil in the witch's blood were never produced at the trials ? But there is no end to the questions which suggest themselves the moment one begins to treat the impersonation theory as a practical proposition and to try to reconcile it with the facts.

When we calmly review the data of this intricate problem of witchcraft and witch persecution the only sane conclusion seems to be that nine-tenths, perhaps ninety-nine hundredths, of the trouble was due to the morbid and hysterical mental conditions engendered among a number of superstitious and very imperfectly educated people by an atmosphere of suspicion, terror and mystery. No doubt there were here and there persons of intelligence like Gilles de Rais, for example, who believed in these things, and who for mercenary or evil ends did deliberately seek to put themselves in communication with the spirit of all evil, and who, having become desperate, stopped short at no kind of crime, blasphemy, or sacrilege. But the immense majority had probably been guilty of little

more than a curious or sometimes malicious dabbling in things occult and dangerous. Wherever persecution and a great sensation occurred and set all the world a-talking, witches began to be manufactured and to multiply, until the judges, Protestant and Catholic alike, found they dared not proceed further and follow up all the supposed clues. As Father Duhr has lately shown in his *Geschichte der Jesuiten*, the mania of witch-hunting invaded every order and class, so that even the colleges of the Society were not exempt from it and their quite young pupils were in some cases gravely suspected. Before ever the sad experiences which resulted from the activities of James Sprenger and Henry Krämer had begun to make themselves felt, that strangely intelligent man, in so many matters two hundred years in advance of his times, Cardinal Nicholas de Cusa, wrote :—

> Where men believe that these witchcrafts do produce their effects there are found many witches. Neither can they be exterminated by fire and sword ; for the more diligently this sort of persecution is waged, so much the stronger grows the delusion. The persecution implies that the devil is feared more than God, and that in the midst of the wicked he can work evil ; and so this Devil is feared and propitiated, and so gains his end ; and though, according to human law and divine sanction, they (the witches) deserve to be utterly extirpated, yet we must act cautiously, lest worse come of it.[1]

He goes on to say that he examined two of the poor women, and finding them half crazy, received them to penitence. Two hundred years before Nicholas de Cusa another distinguished Cardinal, James de Vitry, who held similar views as to the delusions generated by a belief in witchcraft, preached a sermon on the sin of superstition, which he enlivened with the following " example " :—

> I have heard of a certain woman who declared that together with sundry other dames she used to ride at night upon strange steeds and thus in a single hour traversed vast tracts of country. The fact was that there were demons who made a sport of her in her

[1] I have been unable to find the original of this quotation. I borrow it from the *Essays* of the late Father H. J. O. Ryder, p. 7.

sleep and who showed her these wonders. Now it happened that on a certain day this woman being in the church said to her parish priest: "Reverend sir, this past night I rendered you a great service and I delivered you from grievous trouble; for those dames with whom I am wont to travel at night came into your room, and if I had not deterred them and pleaded in your behalf, they would have done you great mischief." To whom the priest replied: "My room door was closed and locked; how were you able to get in?" Then the old woman answered: "Reverend sir, neither door nor lock can detain us, or hinder us from free ingress and egress." Then said the priest: "I should like to try if what you say is true, in order that I may render you a proper recompense for the service you have done me." Thereupon, locking securely the door of the church, and taking the stick which served as the handle of the processional cross, he set to work to belabour her with all his might. And when the old woman cried out and begged for mercy, the priest said to her: "Leave the church and make your own way out, if you can, since neither lock nor door can detain you." And so he chastised the old woman and delivered her from the superstition which had deceived her. I tell you, therefore, that no trust should ever be placed in vain and diabolical illusions or in any sort of incantations.

After all, Cardinal James de Vitry was only echoing the common-sense views which are manifested in the early Canon Episcopi quoted above. This was the spirit which seems to have prevailed everywhere in the Church until the Dualism of the Waldenses with its demoniacal practices, probably exaggerated, awoke an unhealthy suspicion in their over-zealous political foes. The virus germinated in an atmosphere of religious strife. Those countries in which, like Italy and Spain, the predominance of Catholic teaching was stable and unchallenged, enjoyed throughout a comparative immunity from the horrors of the witch mania.

HERBERT THURSTON.

CHRONICLE.

I.—Catholic Thought and Action in Italy.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., M.A.

Maurice Vaussard : *L'Intelligence catholique dans l'Italie du XX^e siècle.* (Gabalda. 1921. 7 fr. 50.).

M. VAUSSARD'S book fulfils the promise of its title and goes a little beyond it. It practically gives us a history of thought, aspiration and effort among Italian Catholics during some fifty years of the immediate past. It begins with an *imprimatur* from M. Georges Goyau—in the form of a preface quite worthy of the writer's high reputation. Clearly he can claim M. Vaussard as a disciple. Both writers, the younger and the elder, have sat at the feet of Leo XIII. Both interpret authentically and in attractive wise that pontific mind, so lucid in its views of social needs, so intelligent of sane progress and true democracy.

The educative value of this book is great. For all who have to take part by word or work in the construction of a new polity or the reform of an old one, for statesman or social workers in any country, such as our own, set at an opening of the ways, one could not easily point out a more instructive and profitable volume of its size and scope. Here is found clear and suggestive synthesis of principles, efforts and experiences ; here are the ideas and struggles of forerunners more or less wise, prudent and fortunate ; here is the clash of constructive minds with each other and with unfriendly circumstance.

Too long and difficult for our present scope would be an analysis of all the various lines of thought and action which are here marked out by the names of various leading Italian Catholics. There is, for example, the line of opposition to a triumphant and tyrannical " liberalism " ; there is the line of reconstruction under more wide and benignant ideals. There is the line of abstract or historical thought, and, again, that of practical political action. There is the aspiration and transcendance of the saint, there is the

adroitness and compromises of the party chief. We learn to appreciate the workings of original *élan* and invention, the moral imperatives of discipline, the responses of obedience. The synthesis of such elements, put before us well by M. Vaussard, entitles his book to be called a *vade-mecum* for the young statesman or social worker in any sphere.

If any faults can fairly be found with the judgments and records of this book, it is to be found doubtless in an over-inclination to roseate views. The author makes rather too much of some small efforts, some questionable successes. The fault, if there be any, is in the circumstances a venial one. Impartiality, we think, is a merit he decidedly achieves.

In agreement, as we believe, with the best Italian authorities, M. Vaussard gives a prominent and honourable place to Giuseppe Toniolo—Toniolo, who from his University chair at Pisa promulgated the principles of a deep and broad political economy, and who, though he had no great turn for "affairs," yet by his luminous syntheses of Christian and modern principles led for nearly thirty years—1890 to 1918—the way of Italian thought along the lines of progress. From Pisa, too, since 1904 and happily still, has radiated another valued influence—that of Cardinal Maffi, distinguished at once as scientist, orator, writer and social worker. Of him M. Vaussard writes :—

> Among a host of his successful or promising enterprises we can enumerate only the following—rural banks, workingmen's banks, loan, assurance and co-operative institutions for the development of social activities and industries ; a committee for ecclesiastico-civil affairs charged with the defence of the Church's interests; an association "Pro Aris" for the aid and support of aged and infirm priests ; immense addition of vigour to the Federation of the (diocesan) Associations of the Clergy of Italy . . . the similar re-invigoration of the Catholic daily paper, the *Messaggiero Toscano*.

There is the dissimilar but no less remarkable clerical figure of Don Luigi Sturzo, Sicilian aristocrat, yet democrat and radical, founder and effective head of the *Partito Populare Italiano*. A born political leader, if ever there was one, Don Luigi has sought to avoid by a distinctive plan the embarrassments which so easily (perhaps especially in modern Italy) arise from conflicts between religious ideas and obediences on the one hand and political aims and opportunisms on the other. He has entirely rejected any "clerical" label from his political action and that of his party. They are not a religious party ; they are simply pursuing the greater good of the Italian commonwealth as such. This idea has not pleased all orthodox thinkers. Among those who admire with

reserves is M. Vaussard, as is also an Italian publicist, whom he quotes as criticizing the Popular Party to the following effect :—

> What is too often lacking in the P.P.I. is the interior life, the spiritual inspiration. This is a radical fault—the lack of religious vitality in many of its members, excessive pre-occupation with selfish advantages and personal privileges rather than with Christian ideals. The fault is not that of the men who have created the Party and devote to it their energies : it comes from contemporary society, disordered and perverted by a laïcism which has broken down all religious ideals and sound civic traditions.

The critic who writes thus is assuredly judging the Italian Popular Party by a standard which, for good reasons, is very rarely applied to any political group in any land. But as concerned with the Italian Catholic movement it cannot be called out of place. Among the leaders and led of that movement have been men to whom high Catholic ideals were familiar. Such have been—to mention only laymen—Giuseppe Toniolo, Giosue Borsi, and Contardo Ferrini. To those Christian types might be added Giovanni Papini, long a writer of scandalous tendencies, but of late celebrated as the author of a *Storia di Cristo* which, strange in many respects, is beyond doubt a work of religious faith as well as of high and original poetic value.

Of Toniolo and his intellectual guidance along Christian lines we have already spoken. Giosue Borsi recalls to us the Great War and its mysterious workings. Brilliant writer of poetry and prose, brilliant actor, Franciscan tertiary, and valiant soldier, he fell at the age of thirty-three, in 1915, victim of an Austrian bullet. In Contardo Ferrini, who also died young in 1902, was best realised the type of the saint. The only university professor of our days, as it would seem, who is credited with the working of miracles and whose cause for beatification has been introduced before the Roman tribunals, Ferrini—a pioneer in juristic studies yet a truly poetic soul, devoted to his Pavia students yet hailed as " a new Ozanam " in work for the masses, charitable to the verge of " liberalism " in his political and social outlook—Ferrini was and showed himself profoundly convinced that inward holiness is " the alpha and omega of all solid success." The solidity and beauty of holiness were the soul of his entire life and achievement.

Among leaders by profession churchmen no type is more interesting than the multiplex one of Padre Agostino Gemelli. Militant socialist and unbelieving physician, changed by the grace of God into an austere religious and a protagonist of Catholic ideas ; philosopher, scientist, editor of three or four reviews, preacher, army

chaplain, such and yet more he has been and is ; a man of books and of restless action ; a good son of St. Francis, yet quite capable of exciting and facing fierce enmities and jealousies. His chief work, however—that in connection with which his name will principally survive—will doubtless be one we have not yet alluded to—his share in building up the University of the Sacred Heart.

This institution—the Catholic University recently founded at Milan—is probably destined to prove one of the most enduring monuments which the religious Italy of our day shall have raised to itself and its ideals. We speak of it in the language of futurity and hope, for it is an enterprise as yet undeveloped and untested by time. Its spiritual foundation goes back to the year 1873, when a congress of Italian Catholics formulated their desire for an institute of higher studies corresponding to their beliefs and needs. Many things were to happen and nearly fifty years to elapse before any material realization of the project was achieved. Two men providentially gifted for their parts were to appear ere the foundation stone could be laid. One was the zealous and venerated Cardinal Ferrari, archbishop of Milan ; the other the ardent and indefatigable Padre Gemelli. Not till 1919 did the Cardinal and the Franciscan get their work well in hands. They found a firm friend and helper in Pope Benedict XV. In the middle of 1921 Cardinal Ferrari passed away ; in the beginning of 1922 Pope Benedict followed him to his reward. Both found the same successor—the distinguished man of studies and action who now rules the Church as Pope Pius XI. During his short tenure of the archiepiscopal See of St. Ambrose he gave his blessing and an effective stimulus to the work which had lain nearest to the heart of his predecessor.

The University of the Sacred Heart is located in old monastic buildings—duly repaired and enlarged—in an ancient quarter of Milan. To many of us such a choice of *locale* will seem unfortunate and unpromising ; and, even making all allowances for differences of circumstances and tastes, we cannot but think regrettable the lack of space, fresh air and room for expansion which it suggests. Nor can we help noticing, in the same connection, the absence in any accounts we have read of the University of facilities for recreation as a recognised part of the equipment of the new institute. Indeed for the present no large concourse of students seems to be expected or provided for. We hear little of residential or disciplinary arrangements. The buildings contain as yet no large halls, even the library being distributed among various apartments. The external world, however, will be catered for intellectually by public lectures and by periodicals. Within doors special attention to and develop-

ment of small groups of students, rather than mass-teaching, is put forward as a characteristic of the University's working. As a beginning, the Faculties provided for and fostered are few. Legal, political and social sciences, with scholastic philosophy as a solid background—these are evidently the strong points of the young establishment, and to these nearly all of a staff of four dozen professors are devoted.

The government of the University is by its statutes placed in the hands of a fairly complex set of authorities: how the arrangement will work out in practice only time and experience (needless to to say) can tell. As we find that one and the same active personage is at once Rector Magnificus, Vice-President, Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy and Professor of Psychology, we shall hardly be mistaken in crediting him—Padre Gemelli, O.S.F.—with no small share in the management of the institution.

It is he, too, whose active pen has supplied a very full account of the new University, which occupies a number of the review *Vita e Pensiero* (December, 1921). There he writes of its promising commencement as of a dream that has become reality—"*il sogno è divenuto realtá.*" Irishmen, who have known a long and weary struggle to work out a similar dream, know also how far a commencement in such enterprises may be from a conclusion. They know what patience and prudence, what labour and prayer are required before there can be any attainment of the founder's ultimate dream, of such a goal as Padre Gemelli names when he speaks of "*la ricostruzione cristiana dell' Italia nostra.*" Rome was not built in a day, neither will be the new Christian Italy. For the good work and the workers Ireland will have a genuine and strong sympathy. Amid her own problems and efforts she will look with kindly expectation for the happy results which may justly be hoped from the labours, prayers and sacrifices, not only of Padre Gemelli and his band of educators, but also of the other Catholic leaders who are striving to make the Italian polity—too long at variance with the Church—a part of the City of God. G. O'Neill.

II.—Impressions of a Recent Visit to Germany.

BY WILLIAM DOOLIN, M.B., F.R.C.S.

In venturing to submit to the readers of *Studies* some impressions of a recent visit to Germany, I should like to emphasize at the outset the fact that they are only impressions; that I desire in no way to dogmatise on this point or on that. My visit was of too short

duration, and my days were too filled with other work, to permit of any very extensive or detailed enquiry into many questions on which I should have liked to accumulate accurate information.

As a student, I had known pre-war life in Germany fairly well: I had first gone there in August, 1911; I had come home in October, 1913. During the years since then I had often wondered how life had changed there, and what had become of my many good friends. It was with an anxious heart, therefore, that I crossed the Belgian-German frontier on the midnight of December 5th. Five weary years of war, followed by three of defeat and disillusionment—eight long years since I had seen my old friends: how was I to find them, and what reception was I to receive? Through the thick fog of press propaganda and of artificially stimulated race-hatred, did the old bonds still hold? I am glad to say they did; for I had almost feared they would not.

From London, through Ostende, Brussels, Liège, up to Aachen, we (I had as fellow traveller Dr. O'Hea) had been in the country of the Allies, where English-cut clothes and a few words of French were met with a civil smile. At Aachen we saw the first signs of "occupation"—jaunty Belgian officers, smoking cigarettes, strolled up and down the platform, with their hands in their breeches pockets—a careless-looking lot. Beside them waited quiet German railway officials, also uniformed—but neither jaunty nor careless, ready to take on the train from there through Köln and Mainz to Frankfurt.

At 6.30 a.m., stiff from fourteen hours' confinement in the one railway compartment, we alighted in the big hall of the Frankfurt railway station and crossed the town, whose early morning trams were already running, to our hotel on the Opernplatz. Here we made our first acquaintance with the new financial valuations of post-war Germany. At the bureau we engaged two rooms at 200 marks each—£10 pre-war! We were given our room tickets and ushered upstairs. Dr. O'Hea handed me his ticket, asking: "What do all these figures on the back mean?" Then we made the pleasing discovery that 200 marks was merely the starting price; from this, as a basis, would be reckoned on our bill at the end of the week a further 5 per cent. foreigner's tax, 25 per cent. tax for service, 10 per cent. municipal tax, and 33 marks a day for central heating. So that, in a second rate hotel, for a room on the top landing, the cost per night was not 200 marks, but 313! The English equivalent would be practically three guineas a week for bed and breakfast.

We were curious to see what the breakfast would be like: it consisted of one cup of black coffee and one roll of white bread. A

pinch of sugar for our coffee and a pat of butter for our bread were extras : and dear, for they have to be imported. Bread, that is, white bread, you see only in the hotels, cafés, and restaurants. At a private club to which I was invited to dine, I saw only brown bread, and there I learned that white bread is still rationed three years after the war. Milk one never sees : the French went off with all the cows (and still exact tribute in cows), with the result that only by the most stringent economical rationing is there sufficient milk to go round the newly-born babies of Germany. After its first birthday, baby must learn to thrive on condensed milk. This rigid restriction, fastened on a defeated Germany by professedly Christian peoples, still holds in the third year of peace and atonement. The results are to be seen in the children's and orthopaedic Kliniks.

So far, dearth of sugar and butter, absence of milk ; then, crowding fast on these two impressions came a third—our tablecloths were made of paper ! Post-war Germany has no linen to spare, such was the demand for surgical dressing during the war. As we got into bed that night we realised also that she has not much wool, for our beds had no blankets !

After a bath and a shave we went out into the streets. It was 8.30 a.m., and the Zeil, the main street of Frankfurt, appeared more busy and more occupied than O'Connell Street here at 2 p.m. One's first open air impressions were : " Why, they have suffered nothing from the war ! We've more ragged and barefooted beggars on the streets in Dublin ! "—which observation is strictly true, but it is not a factor of our city life that we Dubliners need to brag about !

Modern Frankfurt has been compared, most appropriately, to an old picture set in a new frame. Long prior to the days of Charlemagne, this fruitful Taunus valley was the scene of the labours of St. Disibode (590-654), one of the earliest of the Irish missionaries, to whom this part of Germany owes its Christianity. Unlike its neighbours—Mainz, Spires, and Worms—Frankfurt is not a Roman town : Charlemagne was its alleged founder, and later it became the electoral city of the Holy Roman Empire ; it was here Friedrich Barbarossa was elected the first chosen Emperor. The Golden Bull of 1356, that the Emperors should be chosen at Frankfurt, crowned at Aachen, and hold their first parliament in Nürnberg is still preserved in the Städel. Here were held the sessions of the German Parliament from 1816 to 1866 ; and here, in May, 1871, was signed the treaty of peace between Germany and France. Frankfurt has always been the banking house, the Exchange City of the Father-

land : in the Judengasse still stands the foundation house of the Rothschilds. Here Luther dwelt, and Goethe was born.

When I was last in Frankfurt, in the summer of 1913, although it was the third city of the German Empire, a centre of the first financial importance, it had no University, a sore point with the solid burghers of the old " free imperial " city. This grievance was removed in 1914, when on the very eve of the war the new University of Frankfurt was founded. The late Lord Salisbury is alleged, in a moment of petulance, to have alluded to Germany as a " land of d—— professors." These same professors, or rather their successors, ruefully gaze to-day on the ruin wrought by the politicians and the soldiers, and to them and the captains of industry post-war Germany is looking for the resurrection of a defeated people.

Our days, in conformance with the purpose of our visit, were spent in the Surgical Klinik directed by Professor V. Schmieden. His acquaintance I first had made in 1910, when a student at Berlin, in the Surgical Klinik of Professor Bier. Schmieden is still a young man, only forty-seven years of age, full of energy and ambition, and a colossally hard worker. From 1907 to 1913 he was Bier's first assistant and right-hand man in Berlin ; before I left, in 1913, we had celebrated his appointment as Director of the Surgical Klinik at Halle, whence he was called to Frankfurt in 1919, as perhaps the youngest Professor of Surgery in Germany.

In Frankfurt he has 300 beds under his care ; in the grounds of the hospital he has a private hospital of twenty-five beds, also maintained at municipal expense ; in a park close by is his private residence, a modest little villa with a small garden. He is a strict disciplinarian : sharp at eight every morning he makes his ward visit. This, for his assistants, is the most anxious moment of the day. He has three Oberaerzte, or first assistants, and five second class assistants : these are all state paid. In addition there are some nine or ten Voluntärs, *i.e.*, unpaid assistants. In 1912 I had been a Voluntär on Schmieden's own ward in Berlin. Each paid assistant has control of a Station or ward. As there are so many Stations, the Chief cannot possibly see every patient in the Klinik ; his method is this : on five mornings a week he makes his visit to one ward. Thus he personally visits every ward once a fortnight, and woe betide the assistant in charge if there is a pin astray on the morning of the visit.

After the visit, at 8.30, comes the consultation in his office, when each assistant comes forward with his list of cases for the day : case histories, temperature charts, X-ray reports and plates, all must be ready. A rapid selection of cases is made for the lecture,

and he decides which cases are to be operated on by himself and which will be left to the assistants. The average daily number of cases during our visit was seven.

At nine comes the lecture. The lecture hall is a large semi-circular amphitheatre ; the students' benches rise tier on tier, in the form of a horse-shoe, round the floor space into which the patient's bed is wheeled. The case history is read out, diagnosis discussed, *pros* and *cons* of operation considered, and finally the prognosis : all, I am bound to admit, with very little regard for the patient's feelings.

At eleven, or as soon after as his public work will permit, he goes over to his private Klinik ; and here I observed one little trait of Schmieden's character which explained much of his popularity. At each private operation he must be assisted by at least one Voluntär. A Voluntär may be working for two or three years in a Klinik before he attains to a paid post ; in order that they may have some emolument for their work, he takes them all in turn to his private work. They do not earn much : each gets 40 marks for a first-class patient and 20 for a second-class, with the odd chance of a private tip or present from the patient before the latter leaves.

On Saturdays there is no lecture. Instead, there is the famous "Konferenz." This also is an invention of his own, of which Schmieden is very proud. Amongst so many assistants there is room for much scheming and underhand efforts to win favour. One assistant may come privately with a complaint of another ; or he may want something particular done in his department without the knowledge of the others. To all such Schmieden has the one answer : "Very good, my friend, bring that forward next Saturday at the Conference." At 9 o'clock, then, instead of the lecture, the Conference takes place, every Saturday, with the Chief in the Chair. A report is read from each department on the week's work. In this way he keeps the whole administration of 300 beds under his eye. At the close of the regular agenda any assistant, or Voluntär, or Sister is free to bring forward any proposition or suggestion relative to the working of the Klinik. Holiday leave, for instance, is all decided publicly in this manner ; everything is voted on by all present ; the Chief reserves to himself the casting vote. He can, of course, veto any proposition that seems to him unworthy, but his assistants assured me that he never uses his veto without publicly stating his grounds for so doing.

In addition to this scheme comes yet another. Every month at least one of his assistants is travelling to other Kliniks, at home or

abroad, wherever there may be anything new worth investigating. When we arrived, Dr. Hohlfelder, the senior X-ray assistant, was coming back from America, where he had been in conference with Dr. Coolidge of Coolidge tube fame : and Professor Klose, an old acquaintance whom I was very anxious to see, was at Heidelberg for a special study of a new treatment of exophthalmic goitre. Travelling expenses are met out of a special fund set aside for the purpose : Schmieden has many rich patients, and is a diplomatist ; from some of these, from time to time, he coaxes a donation to this fund. When an assistant wishes to go elsewhere for a short study period, three-fourths of his expenses are met out of the fund—the remainder he must find himself, that he may not be tempted to stop away or waste time at the expense of the Klinik. It is a splendid arrangement and very popular with the assistants, for their pay is poor.

Naturally, in these days of depreciated European currency, the question of salary is of interest, and I made a few discreet enquiries. Everyone in the Klinik is a servant of the state, paid a whole-time salary direct from the municipality. The Professor alone is unpaid. He is invited by the Minister of Education to accept the Professorship at the University, with direction of the surgical Klinik. He receives no salary as professor, but gets all the students' fees and all the private practice. The more attractive his lectures, the more students come to him ; the more students he has, the more future doctors to send him patients. Schmieden, I am told, is making about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million marks a year. That would be about £2,500 a year, not a great deal when one reflects that the municipality controls his private Klinik and therefore leaves him very little chance to evade the income tax assessors.[1] At all events he cannot afford a motor, and lives very frugally—one might indeed say, abstemiously.

With the assistants it is different. They are whole-time officials of the state, and are allowed no private practice whatsoever. They all start from the same basis, 1,500 marks a month—that is, 18,000 marks a year : in English money, at to-day's rate, £25 a year ! According to years of service, marriage state, and number of children, they receive proportionate increase of pay up to 45,000 (£60). On these incomes, at the time of our visit, they were paying 22 per cent. income tax. The three Oberaerzte or senior assistants, with the permission of the University, may take classes when they attain the rank of Privat-dozent (private teacher). From the ranks of these Privat-dozenten are chosen the future Professors. Out of

[1] On incomes over 500,000 marks income tax was 50 per cent. up to Christmas, 1921 ; then it was reduced to 32 per cent.

their salary they must each pay 150 marks a month (or 10 per cent.) for maintenance in the Klinik ; and as food is dear, the food in the Klinik is not of the best.

That, indeed, was the dominant impression of my glimpse at post-war Germany : the dearness of food in the town. The country population is able to support life on its own produce, but (1) either it has no surplus for the towns, or (2) is unwilling to market food for paper. To live and eat at the same level of comfort as we do here in Dublin cost us on an average 15s. a day. I think there are very few hotels in Ireland where one would not be comfortably housed and fed for £5 5s. per week. Butter costs 150 marks per pound—a whole month's maintenance for an assistant of my standing ! Needless to say, butter does not appear on the refectory table at the Hospital ! Eggs cost 6 to 10 marks each. Meat varies enormously in price. I ordered a sole for my supper one Friday night—it cost 180 marks, the same price as a bottle of champagne !

The non-German speaking visitor who stops at a good hotel never comes away with the idea that Germany is starving, or that Germans can be hungry. The hotels are the resort of two social classes : the Valuta-Ausländer, or foreigner with the exchange in his favour, and the Schieber, or German profiteer, who has made money out of the war. These there are in plenty, all doing themselves well while they have the money. But for every one family of *nouveaux riches* there are scores, aye hundreds of *nouveaux pauvres*, whose life is being led just at or beneath the line of barest nourishment. The exchange is very low, 3 marks a penny, about 200 to the dollar. For 1,000 a week you can live in one room and just keep body and soul together. For 2,000 you can live in a second or third rate boarding house and have food and lodging. An ordinary dinner, with a glass of beer, costs 50 to 60 marks. You can also get a seat in the Opera house on the ground floor for that amount. There is a special tax of 10 per cent. on all you eat in each café. Last month, in Bavaria, rules had to be brought in against overfeeding (by foreigners). Trade wages are in a continual hurdle race, vaulting the cost of living and the rate of exchange. For a tonsillectomy one Sunday morning, a throat and nose specialist told me he got 20 marks—6d ! One feels, nevertheless, that despite these conditions Germany is still a rich country, and that the people have sterling qualities, which are making for the recuperation of the new German State.

Labour has been much more fortunate in being better organised, politically, than the professional and clerical classes. Many pro-

fessors are working 12-14 hours a day and earning less than skilled factory hands, who only work eight. The German workman freely realises he has lost the war, and can't expect any mercy from the French and Belgian working classes ; but he can and does outwork the English trade-unionist, and (as Stephen Graham has well said)[1] the nation whose workmen are most willing to work is the best off nation in this year of grace, 1922.

And yet, despite the firsthand knowledge that I got as to tight incomes and high prices, I was immensely puzzled. The cafés were thronged every afternoon from 4 o'clock on ; we went twice to the Opera, that most representative of all German institutions, and there did not appear to be a vacant seat in the house. A famous actor, a comedian at whose sallies I have often roared in Berlin, was playing to crowded houses. It was difficult to account for the apparent surface prosperity. One evening I had tea with the mother of one of Schmieden's assistants, and put her this difficulty. The explanation she gave me was a sober and a plausible one :—

> Firstly, just as in England, money has largely changed hands : the so-called middle-class is very hard hit, but the workman of the higher skilled class is now earning up to 15 marks per hour. Then, you have in the big towns a great many people who have made money out of the war and out of the peace. And, finally, everybody is speculating on the dollar. When one makes a profit of so many marks, it is only paper and in a week's time may be worth only half of what it now represents. Spend it, therefore, while it's still good. Why save up paper to pay ruinous taxes upon, when you never know what your paper will be worth to-morrow ?

There is certainly a tremendous temptation to speculate ; I experienced it very strongly myself. The money markets of Europe to-day are in a continual state of upheaval alternating with depression. The day we left we bought marks in a Dublin bank at 700. The day I arrived I exchanged at 900. The next day Dr. O'Hea went to exchange and got only 780. One morning, on my way to the hospital, I changed at 690 ; on our way back Dr. O'Hea changed at the same bank and got 760 ! No two days running had the £1 the same value. All over the town a new way of making money had sprung up : open a Wechselstube ; every tenth shop on the Kaiserstrasse was a bucketshop. The large banks give the best rate of exchange, but they close at 1 p.m. The crowds in the banks between 12 and 1 p.m. each day are enormous. Serious Germans deplore this factor in modern German social conditions ; they attribute to it a steady increase in social irresponsibility. Human nature is frail and has been weakened by the strain of war, and there are many who do not want to work for

[1] *Europa—Quo Vadis ?*

low wages when, without any trouble, double the money may be made overnight by a lucky purchase of a few dollars. It is very demoralising.

So far as we could ascertain, the Germans are not anxious to have the Kaiser back. In all our walks we did not see a solitary picture of Kaiser, Hindenburg, or Ludendorff in a shop window. Few things in Europe seem to me more improbable than the return of the Hohenzollerns. Our ex-soldier waiter at the hotel was a keen politician and a devoted worshipper of Hindenburg; but when I asked him one morning at breakfast if he wanted the Kaiser back, he grew most excited and used very uncomplimentary language. To many of the educated classes, however, the Kaiser in exile at Doorn is a picture as tragic as was Napoleon in Saint Helena to the officers of the Old Guard.

All the Germans with whom I spoke professed to be in dread of Bolshevism. Certainly, a year ago, under the Sanctions, Communism was developing rapidly amongst the working classes, particularly in South Germany. The big German cities, however, are the citadels of bourgeoisie: business means more to them than politics, and from them will arise no Lenin and no Trotsky. Germany will be saved from that by her own learning and industry, and above all by the innate sense of obedience and discipline ingrained in them since the days of Alte Fritz, as they still affectionately call Frederick the Great.

One last impression, and I am done. Prof. Schmieden very kindly invited me to dine one evening with him at his club. There is no word for "club" in German, so they have borrowed the the English word outright. This was a "Klub für Wissenschaft, Handel und Industrie." It contained in all some 300 members, principally business and university men. It might almost be looked upon as the collective guiding brain of Frankfurt's body politic. As Schmieden's Irish guest and as an old German student, I was most courteously received. The meeting started with a somewhat theoretical lecture by one of the members on possible future trade relationships between England and Germany, and on the necessity for European reconstruction generally. This lasted the best part of an hour, after which we all withdrew to dine, in a large hall, whose walls were decorated with some very beautiful tapestries. The Professor explained to me that the building had been the town residence in pre-war days of a German nobleman. We sat down to a very modest dinner at tables of eight. The first thing that struck me about my fellow diners was their good spirits. Here we had been

listening for an hour to a woeful tale of Germany's commercial straits, of her lost marine, of her lost colonies, of the coal and iron fields taken from her, and of colossal indemnities demanded by the Allies, and yet they were soberly cheerful. I think it was that these were business men ; they were under no delusions as to having lost the war ; but it seemed to me as if they were genuinely glad to have the old military caste off their backs and to have the reins of power now in their own hands.

We spoke of Ireland. They asked me to explain the relations between Ireland, England and Germany during the war. The ideals of Sinn Féin left them cold : their Polish Sinn Feiners have been only too recently successful, and Silesia is a sore question with them. Besides Ireland, like Poland, is Catholic ; Germany is largely Lutheran ; and the idea of freedom in the abstract is not congenial to the German mind. For small nationalities, as such, they have frankly no sympathy.

Should a whole people be damned for the sins of their rulers ? Surely not, if in these days we believe in the Christianity we profess. I believe that the German people, the peasants, the clerks, the workmen, and to a large degree the professional classes were the victims of an iron discipline and a damnable philosophy of " Force," fastened on them by their Junker rulers, the War Lord caste. Of that caste, as of the French aristocracy of the eighteenth century, it may be said that history has shown that no order of society ever perished save by its own hand. But, Samson-like, in their fall they have brought down with them the temple of civilisation in which they flourished. In Austria and in Russia the miseries of life and the disintegration of society are too notorious, and defy analysis. Germany has not yet reached their level ; German education and discipline were of somewhat sterner stuff. But, between the Allies on this side of the Rhine and Bolshevism on the far side of the Vistula, Germany is our only buffer.

Most active minds in Europe to-day are hoping and working for a reconstruction of civilisation. In such a rebuilding Germany is structurally the necessary keystone. Crippled as she is by the Treaty of Versailles and still an outlaw from the Courts of Europe, yet civilisation needs her. The peace of 1919 was the work of three men—a cynic, an ideologue, and an opportunist. It must be revised.

Wm. Doolin.

REVIEWS.

Biography.

RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD, S.J. A Memoir by C. C. Martindale, S.J. With a Portrait. London : Longmans. 1921. 5*s*.

THREE-QUARTERS of this brief sketch is concerned with Father Garrold himself ; one quarter is given to an account of his methods of teaching History. It would be a pertinent exercise to work out the ties of thought that might bind these two dissevered sections together, and it would be worth while. Perhaps the main connection would be found in the mission of the schoolmaster-novelist to restore in England the " sympathetic imagination " (p. 39) which is there not felt for Catholicism : " it was to do his share in Catholicising the English imagination that he wrote his books." Join this mission with his insistence on " the necessity and desirability of exciting emotional interest " about " the right matters in history " : a dominant concept would have been secured, one that if vigorously applied throughout would have given clearness and definite purpose to the narrative of his life, too largely a massing together of excerpts from the notes and reminiscences of pupils and colleagues, and from a very impressionist personal diary. That dominant concept would work out true to type even if operated in the reverse order. For the teacher felt that his pupils' " emotional interest should first and foremost centre round the Sovereign Authority " (p. 103) : and the Military Chaplain, returning in 1916 on sick leave, found shelter in Kensington Palace, and " hugged himself over the thought that he was writing from the room in which Queen Victoria first met Prince Albert " (p. 58).

Imagination, vehemently various and vivacious, was the driving force in the schoolmaster-novelist's life. The reviewer vainly searches the pages to find some treatment of the central part of one book, where the sympathetic imagination of Father Garrold rose to great achievement. The main portion of *The Onion Peelers* will abide as great literature ; in it he depicts the fortunes of a lad of the working people of an English city, inserted by means of a scholarship into an Anglican grammar school that almost equalled a " public school " in its caste exclusivism. No writing in any school story in English is as finely constructive and as sanely disciplined. There is the noblest monument to Garrold. T. C.

JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET. By E. K. Sanders. London : S.P.C.K. 1921. 15*s*. net.

A LIFE of Bossuet for English readers has been long overdue, and Miss E. K. Sanders has responded to a real need. *Jacques Bénigne*

Bossuet is a careful and well-documented piece of work by one who has made a close study of French religious history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the reader who expects a rapid and vivid sketch of a period rich in unexpected situations and strange characters, tales of scandal and intrigue at the court of the *grand monarque*, impressions *sur le vif* of great oratorical triumphs at Notre Dame or the Louvre or the Minimes, will be disappointed. Miss Sanders has written not so much a biography as a study of the character and temper of Bossuet ; she is less interested in the writer and the orator than in the man. Her aim has been to thrust aside "the pompous personage created by tradition," and to get at the individual soul that lies behind the imposing figure in Rigaud's portrait. And she leaves us in no doubt as to the conclusion in which her inquiries have resulted :—

> Indeed, it must be said, at once and without flinching, this man with his abnormal genius was not great in personal character, and the varying stages of his history are only scenes in a very familiar spiritual drama. We behold a soul in conflict with the powers of evil and, when at length the end of the long struggle is in sight, there is no triumph in the victory.—(Introd., p. 2).

For all her honesty and diligence, Miss Sanders seems to us to be decidedly severe in her summing-up, which may be very successfully challenged from the material in her book.

It will be at once admitted that Bossuet's moral nature was not of a piece with his intellectual ; if it were so, he would have been a superman. He was not as austere as La Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe ; not as humble and unworldly as St. Vincent de Paul ; not as uniformly master of himself as St. Francis de Sales. We can admit that Bossuet was dazzled by the glory and magnificence of the King—"de loin il étonne, de près il attache" ; that in his controversy with Fénelon he showed a violence and want of dignity which we should like to forget ; that in his old age he allowed himself to be unduly influenced by his rather wily nephew. But we cannot pretend to share Miss Sanders' pained disapproval at the sight of the Bishop of Meaux presenting his niece with a valuable pair of earrings as a wedding present, or erecting some fountains in his garden at Germigny after a visit to Condé's elaborate gardens at Chantilly. And of the worldliness at which Miss Sanders is so constantly shaking her head, we see extraordinarily little.

To compare Bossuet with St. Vincent de Paul, or St. Francis de Sales, or La Rancé is no doubt a subtle form of flattery ; but is not the standard rather formidable ? Bossuet was not a saint. But he was a man of the strictest integrity of life, and an ecclesiastic who would have been an ornament of the Church in any age—even if we take no account of his transcendent intellectual gifts.

Miss Sanders' book will be welcome to Catholic readers; it should quicken—or create—interest in the person and works of a manifold genius who was amongst the first in many fields—as historian, controversialist, theologian—but who was incontestably the greatest of Christian orators. A. Ua C.

Celtica.

DANFHOCAIL. By Thomas F. O'Rahilly, M.A. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1921. 5*s.* net.

The language of the native Irish speaker is extraordinarily rich in proverbs expressing the homely wisdom of human experience. They are generally cast in the form of metaphor or antithesis, are short and striking, always free from sentimentality or "emphase," and very commonly cynical in tone. Much the same as regards content and spirit are the hundreds of verses which Mr. T. F. O'Rahilly has gathered together in this valuable little book, finding some of them scattered here and there in MSS., and taking others of them from the poems of the bards and later poets. Bardic poetry, in particular, owing to its verses being self-contained as regards sense, is very rich in epigrams, some poems indeed consisting of a series of epigrammatic verses with no other binding link but a general sameness of subject. The artistic finish and neatness of the quatrains, close packed with shrewd warning or noble exhortation, renders them worthy of comparison with the best literature of their kind in any language. Mr. O'Rahilly's collection is very representative of a wide range of subjects. His annotations, though displaying his usual scholarship, will be found very helpful to those readers who are not familiar with Bardic style. L. McK.

JIMIN MHAIRE THAIDHG. By An Seabhac. Dublin: Maunsel. 1921. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Jimin is a little Kerry boy, bright-spirited, adventurous, insuppressible, playing pranks of infinite variety and ingeniousness. In this book he tells us of his doings and incidentally of his school and home and companions. The Seabhac knows, as few writers do, Irish life from within, and has given us in these pages a picture as convincing as it is charming of child-life in the Gaeltacht. The characters in these stories are fewer in number than those in *An Baile seo 'guinne*, but on that very account we come to know them more familiarly and like them better.

Messrs. Maunsel have not shown their usual taste in the illustrations of the book; they do not catch its spirit and are crudely executed. L. McK.

STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH. Part III. By Rev. Gerald O'Nolan, M.A. Dublin: Educational Company of Ireland. 1921. 4*s.* net.

THE third part of Fr. O'Nolan's translations of English passages needs no recommendation to those who are familiar with its predecessors. For the advanced classes of Irish in our schools, and for private students who ambition to write about subjects of an abstract or literary character, such as history, politics, philosophy, science, criticism, Fr. O'Nolan's books will be of immense value. Even from the point of view of the mental training to be got from a comparison of the various moulds in which languages express the same thought-content, a careful study of these pieces would be inferior only to advanced composition in Greek or Latin. One might be inclined to think that a few of these pieces, such as the translations of Shakespeare, are less useful, being inevitably defective.

L. McK.

Classics.

AGRICOLA: A Study of Agriculture and Rustic Life in the Greco-Roman World from the point of view of Labour. By W. E. Heitland, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1921. 47*s.* 6*d.*

LE TRAVAIL DANS LA GRECE ANCIENNE. Par Gustave Glotz. With 49 illustrations. Paris: Alcan. 1920. 18 frs.

MR. Heitland tells us in the preface to his work that he has written an unconventional book. He has certainly written a remarkable book. Perhaps the most unconventional thing about it is its title. Why should *Agricola* be given as a name to a book which covers the history of agricultural labour in Greece as well as in Rome, and which has at least as much to say about the agricultural slave-labourer and the *colonus* of the later Roman Empire as it has about the free farmer (*agricola*) of early Roman days? In truth, Mr. Heitland's subject is a vast one, and he has tackled it in a bold way. It is no mean feat to have read through literally all the ancient literature, Greek and Roman, which has any bearing direct or indirect on the problem of agricultural labour. And Mr. Heitland interprets his problem in a wide sense. The relations of agricultural labour to the welfare of the state and the individual citizen, the interaction of political and economic revolutions, the varying proportions of free labour—hired or independent—and slave-labour, the food supply of the ancient world—all these questions are examined in the light of the evidence given by each separate author.

Here we have indeed the most characteristic feature of Mr.

Heitland's "unconventional" book. Instead of dealing with the evidence as a whole, or in large periods, he prefers to take each author separately, and question him as to the conditions of agricultural labour during his lifetime. It must be confessed that the method has its disadvantages; for the book as a whole suffers from the constant repetitions which the method involves and, once the first novelty wears off, the long series of chapters—sixty-one in all—make heavy reading. But the *data* thus acquired are of wonderfully minute accuracy, and Mr. Heitland is at his best in a class of work especially cultivated at Oxford and Cambridge: the interpretation of stray passages in the light of an author's intellectual and social surroundings. The longest and fullest chapters are, of course, those which deal with the evidence of Cato, Varro, Columella and the Roman Digest; but these chapters are perhaps less instructive and are certainly of less human interest than the chapters which deal, for example, with Homer, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Virgil and the younger Pliny. Some interesting details are supplied, too, by most unlikely authors: Euripides, for example, whose *Electra* is carefully analysed, or Apuleius. The latter has left us an extraordinarily vivid description of the slave-prisons (*ergastula*) in which the slave-gangs of Imperial times were kept at work in chains. Mr. Heitland quotes Columella's detailed account of these *ergastula*, but only refers to the pen-picture drawn by Apuleius. For my part I confess that the romantic novelist's few lines—his description occurs in a passage where a mule at work in a mill compares its lot with that of these unfortunate human victims—makes a far deeper impression on my imagination than Columella's sober narrative.

But Mr. Heitland is mainly occupied with the political and social morals to be drawn from his tale. To put it mildly, he is not a Bolshevist, and the purpose of his book is to show the irreparable harm done both to Greek and Roman society by the steady decline in agriculture and the substitution of large-scale slave-labour for the earlier system under which each farmer tilled his own land with the assistance of a few hired labourers and slaves. The problem is an all-important one for modern society no less than for the history of Athens and Rome, and it is not a little startling to find, as Mr. Heitland points out, that Plato ignored it and Aristotle gave it but scant attention. Roman public opinion was always more respectful towards the farmer, and we in Ireland may thank our stars that our nation is mainly built up of a class which Euripides has described in a typical character: "A manly fellow, not of elegant appearance, one who seldom visits the city and the market-place, a toiler with his hands, of the class on whom alone the safety of the country

depends ; but intelligent and prepared to face the conflict of debate, a guileless citizen of blameless life."

Put side by side with Mr. Heitland's important work, the sketch of Greek industrial history given us by M. Glotz seems slight and inadequate. Yet it is a good specimen of what the French call " *une œuvre de vulgarisation.*" Dividing Greek history into four main periods, he gives us in brief outline and in very readable form, with occasional illustrations to break the monotony of the page, a reliable account of Greek industry and economic life in general. There are no references, and the work is plainly based on the standard works of reference (of which he gives a good bibliography), rather than on personal reading of the original sources. But the book is good of its kind, and is a distinct improvement on its predecessor in the same series.[1] And yet, as we glance through its pages, we cannot but feel that these *œuvres de vulgarisation* are but a doubtful service to the general reading public. How many average readers have a sufficient knowledge of Greek social conditions to check the false impressions which much of this modern terminology is apt to convey? Doubts such as these leave us but half satisfied with the book as a whole, and make us turn back with relief to Mr. Heitland's substantial volume. A. G.

NEW CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. Edited by J. U. Powell and E. A. Barber. Pp. x+166. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1921. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE new accessions to Greek literature discovered within the last few decades on sand-buried papyrus leaves from Egyptian graves and rubbish heaps call for a more general recognition. They embrace a very wide and representative field, containing practically every *genre* of literature from epic and lyric poetry (ritual and personal), comedy (including the mime and other kindred species), the poetry of the epigram and drinking song, to the more sober prose of history and biography, philosophy and oratory. As a whole the literary Papyri, like the tens of thousands of non-literary documents already discovered bearing on the everyday life of obscure provincials of the fourth century B.C. to the sixth century A.D., have a popular stamp, all the more welcome as heretofore the lacunae in just this popular literature of the Hellenistic age were appreciable.

In the present volume edited by Messrs. Powell and Barber we have short contributions by eleven Oxford scholars on these new chapters of Greek literature. In the first section, entitled " The Moralists," interesting light is thrown on the popular philosophy of the Hellenistic period and its chief literary form, the διατριβή—

[1] *Le Travail dans leMonde romain*, par Paul Louis. (Alcan, 1912).

in which were couched the sermons of the Cynic "missionaries" as early as the third century B.C. In this connexion we have Cercidas—a cynic philosopher whose μελίαμβοι (known and appreciated by St. Gregory Nazianzen, and in part recovered for us in Vol. viii. of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*) expose with trenchant severity the sins of the luxurious and avaricious rich; so, too, Phoenix of Colophon preaches against paederasty and a wrong use of wealth; and the author of the Pseud-Epicharmean trochaics deals in the Fragments preserved with maxims of moral conduct in the various departments of life. The Epicurean and Stoic philosophies are represented by long fragments of Philodemus (discovered among the charred Papyri from Herculaneum) and by Hierocles (an excerpt from his "popular handbook on Stoic morality for educated laymen").

Section II. deals with Lyric poetry, hieratic and personal; among the latter are poems of sentiment like the *Fragmentum Grenfellianum* and other παρακλαυσίθυρα (Serenades), idyllic as well as music-hall pieces, and drinking songs (found in the grave of a Greek soldier, 300 B.C.), and the *Persae* of Timotheus, an astonishing piece of frigid, tasteless and very un-Greek writing, of which the most charitable thing that can be said is that it was meant as a libretto to a musical composition, and that the Papyrus on which it is written is the oldest Greek MS. in existence!

In the sphere of Comedy (Section III.) the outstanding feature is the recovery of extensive remains of five plays of Menander, the greatest figure in the Athenian New Comedy. Mr. Lumb, in a scholarly criticism of the plays, gives us a very sympathetic sketch of the man and his work (on the merits of which, however, scholars are divided). Felicity of expression, constructive power and fertility of resource in handling the same subject-matter—the love-plot exclusively—are combined with vivid character-delineation, especially noticeable in the Ἐπιτρέποντες (*The Parties to an Arbitration*, not *The Guardians* as Mr. Lumb would have it) and in the Περικειρομένη (The Shorn Lady).

In a further Section, after a discussion of the new poems of Callimachus and other Alexandrian writers of less note, are treated the Mimes of Herondas, first edited in 1892 by Sir Frederic Kenyon. Less known than these now famous μιμίαμβοι, are fragments of two farces discovered at Oxyrhynchus, the scene in one of which is laid in India, where the natives babble a jargon identified by Oriental scholars as Kanarese, one of the Dravidian languages. From the few specimens preserved we can appreciate the outcry on the part of pagan and Christian moralists against this species of literature.

Rev. Professor E. M. Walker gives us a succinct and lucid account of Aristotle's Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία (the most famous of all

papyrus discoveries, written on the back of farm accounts of the first century A.D.), as well as a discussion of the problems surrounding the Oxyrhynchus Historian, whose work has been fathered on three different writers of antiquity. Finally, the book closes with an account of the new orations of Lysias and Hypereides.

It will be seen from this rapid review how wide has been the editors' survey, though their principle of selection is not always apparent. In a work entitled *New Chapters in the History of Greek Literature* we should expect mention of the precious stanzas of Sappho edited by Schubart, as well as a few of her Fragments printed in Oxyrhynchus X.; so, too, of the Louvre fragment of Alcman, as well as the new paeans of Pindar and of his foil Bacchylides. The new accretions to Greek Tragedy and the Satyric drama deserve to be mentioned in this connection. The editors promise shortly a revised text of the discoveries mentioned in Sections I. and II.; perhaps in a second edition they may find room for the new Pindar and the priceless remains (*βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*) of the Lesbian poet. J. J. C.

Economics.

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE UNION TO THE FAMINE. By George O'Brien, Litt.D., M.R.I.A. London: Longmans. 1921. 21*s.* net.

THE economic condition of a country is profoundly influenced by the character and policy of the country's government. It is true that the positive action of government is of limited efficacy in the sphere of economics. It cannot create at will an industrial spirit, nor call into life the springs of enterprise; but granted to a people these endowments, its government can contrive facilities for their exercise; it can remove obstacles, encourage fresh efforts, and stimulate energies which adverse influences have repressed. But if the power of government for the economic welfare of a nation is limited, no bounds can be set to its power for mischief. Its mere neglect of economic interests is a betrayal of the country. Much more serious is its offence if its legislative and administrative measures are detrimental to the national well-being which it is its sole function to protect and promote.

In his *Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine*, Dr. O'Brien arraigns under both heads the government established by the Act of Union. He puts his case dispassionately, stating facts as he finds them, citing conscientiously the authorities on which his statements are based, and with studious fairness apportioning the responsibility of the Union government for the evils his researches disclose.

The transfer of the seat of Irish government from Dublin to London, and the merging of the Irish Parliament in the larger English assembly, could not fail to affect injuriously every Irish interest for which Parliament was supposed to provide. The change from a Parliament wholly Irish, in which the thought and concern of statesmen were concentrated on Irish affairs, and in which measures were framed with a view exclusively to Irish conditions, to a Parliament predominantly English, the great majority in which was elected by English voters to legislate for English needs, must of necessity have two consequences. In the first place, Ireland, if not turbulent, would be overlooked, the main attention of Parliament would be directed to British problems ; in the second, parliamentary legislation would be dictated by British interests, and adapted to social and economic conditions distinctively British. During the preceding century and a half—ever since the Restoration —the manufacturers and traders of England had shown themselves keenly jealous of every Irish industry from which they apprehended serious competition. Again and again they had appealed to the English Parliament for measures of repression against their rivals, and Parliament had acceded to their demands. It was to this Parliament, to which indeed an Irish element had been added but in which English representatives were in an overwhelming majority, that the interests of Ireland were now committed. What measure of attention was this body likely to bestow on Irish needs, and what sympathy would it accord to Irish economic grievances ? Alike in what it did and what it left undone the conjoint Parliament must fail to render to Ireland the services she could require from her own legislature. All this was clear to the opponents of the Union. They predicted for Ireland under the new government political unrest and a decline of that prosperity the beginnings of which under Ireland's independent parliament had raised such high hopes. That the first prediction was amply realised the history of the nineteenth century testifies ; that the second found fulfilment throughout the first half of the century Dr. O'Brien's volume proves to demonstration.

During the first four decades of the century the population of Ireland increased with extraordinary rapidity. From 5,000,000 in 1800 it had grown to 8,000,000 in 1841. And this, though from 1822 onwards there was a heavy drain of emigration to Great Britain and the Colonies. The passage from Dublin to New York cost about £20 per head in those days of sailing vessels ; this notwithstanding, the emigrants from Irish ports to the colonies and foreign countries in 1832 numbered over 33,000. The emigration to Great Britain

must have been on a still larger scale. George Cornwall Lewis, in his report to the Poor Inquiry Commission, described the emigration from Ireland to England and Scotland as of "a remarkable character and perhaps nearly unparalleled in the history of the world."

The statistics of increase quoted above indicate that in spite of this enormous drain and natural mortality intensified by frequent famines, the population not only replaced its losses, but added to its numbers at an average yearly rate of 11·8 per thousand. To maintain a population multiplying at this rate a continuously increasing production of the necessaries of subsistence was essential. But this development was not forthcoming. The manufacturing industries steadily declined, and agriculture which was the only remaining resource, made no progress. No effort was made by the owners or the government to reclaim the available tracts of waste land. Of the land in cultivation more and more was withdrawn from the small holders in pursuance of a policy of consolidation which facilitated the collection of rent and gave a better assurance of payment. On what remained a multitude of petty leaseholders, tenants-at-will, cottiers and labourers struggled for existence, increasing their misery as they increased their number.

The evils of the situation were not felt in full force till the close of the Napoleonic wars. The appearance of prosperity created by the high prices of the war period disappeared with the advent of peace. The policy of consolidation and the formation of pasture farms, entailing as it did the "clearance" of estates on a large scale was then ruthlessly applied, and the peasant masses were face to face with the grim realities of destitution. Soon they were reduced to a condition which excited the horror and the pity of the visitor from more fortunate lands. The French traveller de Beaumont sums up his impressions of their plight—impressions amply confirmed by the findings of various Commissions—in these terms :—

> Misery naked and starving, misery vagrant and listless, the misery of the beggar, covers the whole country ; it exhibits itself in every form and at every moment of the day ; it is the first thing you see on landing on the Irish shore, and from that moment you are never spared the sight of it.

And Sir Walter Scott, quoted by Dr. O'Brien :—

> There is much less exaggeration about the peasantry than might be imagined. Their poverty is not exaggerated ; it is on the extreme verge of human misery ; their cottages would scarce serve for pig styes even in Scotland ; and their rags seem the very refuse of a sheep, and are overspread on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together.

And from another witness :—

> Light sods skimmed from the surface of the bogs—scraghs, as they are called—took the place of blankets and other bedclothes.[1]

[1] "Lumpers," a coarse variety of potatoes, formed their main—too often their only—article of diet.

It should be added that on the inhabitants of the pig-stye hovels and the wearers of the fantastic rags—if they happened to hold a patch of land—adequate rents were duly assessed, and rates, tithe and toll duly levied. Dr. O'Brien excuses himself for not quoting largely from contemporary newspapers, travellers, and government inquiries their "awful accounts" of the condition of the peasantry; and this on the ground that his book "professes to be an economic history and not a guide to a chamber of horrors." It may, however, be doubted whether the most impassioned rhetoric or the most graphic pen pictures would convey more to the thoughtful mind than does his sober statement of facts supported by a cold array of statistics.

The manufacturing industries of Ireland fared no better than her agriculture under the new government. A decade after the Act of Union was passed the Grand Jury of the city of Dublin decided by resolution that "the Act of Union, after ten years' operation, instead of augmenting the comforts, prosperity and happiness of the people, has produced an accumulation of distress." And this though war prices were still maintained, and though the duties which protected Irish manufactures had not yet been abolished. The war brought to a close, and an end put to the protective duties with which the Irish Parliament had sought to shield the country's reviving industries against the "withering competition" of England's highly developed manufactures, the "accumulation of distress" proceeded with accelerated speed. To what dimensions it grew, and in what disaster it culminated may be read in Dr. O'Brien's pages. For all his care to shut out the spectres of the "chamber of horrors," they loom through the veil his carefully moderated language would cast over them. His work will stand as a trustworthy record of one of the darkest periods in Ireland's history. It will present to Irishmen of the coming generations an Ireland to which their own will, we hope, offer a happy contrast.

Discussing the responsibility of government for this prolonged national agony, Dr. O'Brien reduces his indictment to two counts. In the first he charges the government with inexcusable and, therefore, culpable neglect of Irish agricultural interests, with ignoring the repeated and urgent representations of its own Committees and Commissions as to the deplorable condition of the cultivators of the soil, and with a continuous disregard of the modest suggestions for remedial measures. In the second place, he finds the fiscal legislation of the united parliament planned without concern for its effect on Irish industries, checking their growth, paralysing their vitality, and imposing a burden out of all proportion to the resources of the country.

In one of his brilliant sallies the late Thomas Kettle described Ireland as "separated from England by the Irish Sea and the Act of Union." Readers of Dr. O'Brien's book will appreciate the truth behind the paradox. T. A. F.

TRAVAILLEURS ET MARCHANDS DANS L'ANCIENNE FRANCE. Par Henri Hauser. Paris: Alcan. 1920. 10 fr.

THIS volume consists of six articles reprinted from the *Revue d'économie politique* and other French scientific periodicals. Although some of them appeared as long ago as 1905, they have been reproduced without alteration, and the author pleads to be excused for having neglected to revise them in the light of the new knowledge which has come to hand since they were first published. No apology, however, is needed on this score, as the six studies are admirable as they stand and are valuable contributions to economic history. If any criticism were to be directed against the volume, it would more legitimately be based on the fact that the studies to some extent lack unity of purpose. This criticism, however, is also anticipated by the author; and, indeed, this is a defect which is almost inevitable in a volume consisting of several isolated studies published at long intervals from each other.

If the essays lack unity of subject, they are distinguished by unity of method; and it is as examples of the application of the author's method of treating the subject that they will be of most value to students. As M. Hauser very truly remarks, it is better to practise historical method than to preach it; and more may be taught by example than by precept. The principal features of M. Hauser's method of approaching economic history are his thorough investigation of facts by the inductive process, and his correlation of the economic history with the general history of the period he is studying. M. Hauser insists that it is impossible completely to isolate economic, social, religious and political events into water-tight compartments; and suggests that "the economic aspect of history" is a more correct phrase than "economic history."

The essays in the present volume are excellent examples of the application of M. Hauser's method; but quite apart from this they contain much to interest the economist and the historian. The account of the measures taken by the municipal authorities of Dijon to meet the situation created by a famine in 1529 contains many useful suggestions for modern governments on the difficult questions of rationing supplies and the regulation of prices, and incidentally illustrates how completely the scholastic idea of the just price had entered into the administration of everyday affairs.

The essay on the monetary controversy of the late sixteenth century, which was the occasion of the publication of Jean Bodin's famous book, is also replete with topical lessons ; and the last essay traces the genesis in Antwerp in 1531 of one of the most important agencies of modern speculation.

Possibly the most suggestive study in the volume is that entitled "La Géographie humaine et l'Histoire économique." While it is universally recognised that the situation of a country and the nature of its minerals and soil are among the most important factors of its economic life, it is not so generally recognised that those geographical conditions are in a state of constant flux. Even the position of a country changes from the economic point of view ; not absolutely, it is true, but relatively to other countries by reason of the opening up of new routes of communication. Thus, the position of India was fundamentally altered in relation to Europe by the construction of the Suez Canal. In the same way the economic importance of the soil changes according as new processes of manufacture demand new raw materials and sources of power. For example, the age of the steam engine converted all coal-bearing areas into industrial districts ; and M. Hauser suggests that the coming of the age of oil may again alter the centre of gravity of the industrial world. This conception—which M. Hauser calls *dynamisme économique*—suggests many valuable lines of speculation, both with respect to the economic history of the past and to the possible economic developments of the future. G. O'B.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT. By Joseph L. Cohen. London : King. 1921. 18*s*. net.

The human misery incidental to periods of unemployment is in itself a more than sufficient reason for seeking some preventative against this but too common evil of modern industrial conditions. It would, however, be of little use to dwell at length on this aspect of unemployment ; for in all likelihood it would influence least those who have the most opportunities and most power to put a stop to it. There is more hope to be found in the fact that unemployment threatens the interests, and sometimes the very existence, of both the industrial and political magnates of the state. Not that these gentlemen are yet fully awake to the profound truth of this principle ; for the industrial captain relies still on his position of economic superiority to be able to defend himself against any attack from the workers, and the politician still puts his trust in the ability of truncheon or bayonet to protect his position. But the danger of having a large number of able-bodied men, generally sufficiently

hungry to make them irritable and sufficiently irritated at the sight of their hungry wives and children to make them inflammable, is being gradually realised by the governing classes. And the employers of labour are slowly learning that, if the government tax them in order to pay unemployment donations, it might be more advantageous to them to see whether some measures could not be taken to do away with the necessity of such donations.

"Unemployment Insurance" is probably the best palliative yet devised for the evils consequent on periods of industrial depression, but it is essentially not a preventative of unemployment. However, for some time to come it will be, very likely, the chief object aimed at by those most concerned with this matter; and accordingly Dr. Cohen's book is of considerable interest and importance. There is one excellent quality in this work on "Insurance against Unemployment": it is eminently sane, which really means that the author has a well-developed sense of proportion. The book is a little heavy in style (perhaps to be expected in a serious academic thesis), and rather jerky or disjointed in the way it is put together. But it is a very thorough and complete treatment of its subject, and one which might usefully be studied by those whose duty it is to see that peace and prosperity reign in the land.

Dr. Cohen devotes about a hundred pages to an explanation of the theory and the practical working of the Ghent system of unemployment insurance. The essence of this scheme, which was first put into practice at Ghent in 1901 (though Liège enjoyed a similar scheme from 1898), lies in this that "grants are made from the communal unemployment funds to unemployed members of trade unions affiliated to the communal fund." As the amount of the grants made was proportional to the savings the workman had accumulated during his periods of employment, the scheme was really a bounty on saving and, in so far as it encouraged industry and thrift, was deserving of all praise. But the system, by utilising the trade unions only as its distributing organisation, definitely limited itself to a little over 50 per cent. of the employees of the country, and has accordingly failed to meet adequately even the comparatively simple situation of alleviating the misery consequent on unemployment. Needless to say, it was never intended to go to the root of the matter and stop unemployment by eliminating its causes.

Exactly the same criticism may be made of the British system of unemployment insurance, which is very fully and very clearly set out in Part III of the work before us. It is, of course, a much more complicated system than the Ghent one, involving the setting up of an elaborate organisation, labour exchanges of various types,

and necessitating the services of 12,631 government servants. Moreover, it is a system of compulsory insurance, and consequently it makes some attempt to meet fully the needs of the situation created by unemployment. But like the Ghent system, and indeed like every system of simple insurance, it fails to touch the causes of unemployment, or at least to touch them directly.

Dr. Cohen does not profess to teach us how unemployment may be prevented, but rather how its effects may be deprived of their most noxious elements ; and as we have said, he has done this very well. In the final part of his book he gives the main facts of the unemployment problem in the United States, and so surveys practically the whole of the industrialised world from the point of view of unemployment insurance, a quite sufficient achievement for a single volume.

The basic principle of all insurance is that accidents will happen even in the best regulated households, and the question for economists and statesmen to answer is whether unemployment is such an accident or whether it only happens because the household is not well regulated enough. The more one thinks about it, the more one is convinced that it is the latter which is true. Once it is realized that the problem of unemployment is in the main a problem of organisation, a solution theoretically perfect will soon be in sight. If, as we firmly believe, unemployment is the natural and morally inevitable result of the present organisation of the industrial world then the proper way to stop it is to modify that organisation as far as is necessary. It may be that the reorganisation of industry would be considered a greater evil than unemployment. We have no doubt that by some—but not by the workers—it would be so considered. But that is not the point : what is of importance is that we get at the real ultimate cause of unemployment, and then let it be decided what action shall be taken. And it would be well for "individualists" or "distributivists" to remember that socialists will one day find in unemployment their most powerful argument and their most moving appeal to upset the existing order. Ultimately, a manufacturer dismisses hundreds of his employees because the wholesale merchants are not ordering his goods, which he has manufactured with borrowed capital. To go on manufacturing means to go on borrowing, and that he cannot do till he sells. The wholesale merchants do not order because there is no effective demand from the retailers for the goods which they already hold on borrowed capital. And there is no demand from the retailers because the consumers, though thousands and thousands of them are ill-fed and ill-clothed, have not the wherewithal to purchase. And there we are right at the crux of the problem. There is no

effective demand for goods such as would set the machinery of industry going again. Joseph once upon a time "valorised" corn in Egypt; and in more recent years (1906) the State of San Paolo, in Brazil, valorised coffee. Perhaps a time will come when every government will valorise labour. E. J. C.

Fiction.

THE HOUSE OF SUCCESS. By Darrell Figgis. Dublin: The Gael Co-operative Publishing Society. 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THAT one should not judge a book by the cover is a wise old saw. The advice is particularly needed in these days ever since the custom of wrapping books in "jackets" has been established. For the publishers have taken it on themselves to pronounce judgment on the volume, and, as is only natural, to belaud it. Furthermore, they seek to indicate the nature of the work, and are not seldom guilty of inaccuracy. *The House of Success*, for instance, is described on the "jacket" (or should it be "jumper"?) as conveying "*the history of Ireland from Parnell to Sinn Fein.*" It does nothing of the kind. In this latest novel from the facile pen of Mr. Figgis we are given a study of two characters—father and son, and of two standpoints—the material and the spiritual. The mother and a friend constitute, for practical purposes, the rest of the *dramatis personae.* Two other figures, a schoolmaster and an idealist, flit across the pages, while a brother, lightly sketched, completes the list of characters. The interest, however, is centred on Jeremiah Hare and his second and favourite son, known as "Diarmuid O'Hara." Alike in many characteristics, these two love and repel one another. It is a story with which life makes us familiar, particularly Irish life, wherein the *camaraderie* between father and son, so marked a feature in English families, is seldom displayed. Jeremiah and "Diarmuid" admire one another and love one another, but their days are spent in bickerings and misunderstandings. Helen, the gentle wife and mother, seeks to compose these differences and to bring the pair into harmony, but avails nothing. The brother Martin augments the discord, while the well-meaning friend meets with all the ill-success that is in this world the undeserved, but destined portion of the well-meaning friend. It will be gathered from the foregoing that the reader who is interested in the psychology of family life will find in this book material for thought. Jeremiah Hare is in many respects a presentation of a prominent Dublin man of business, now dead, whose keen brain was busied in politics, journalism, and finance. There are passing references to "the Chief," and a well-observed description of our evolution through the period from 1914 to 1917, but there

is no mention of mere "party" politics. Aeneas O'Maille, the Schoolmaster, and Padraic Bronty, the "extremist" philosopher, will set the reader a-guessing as to what men of our time the author had in mind. Reference is made to the Great Strike, or Lock-out, of 1913. It is to be hoped, however, that the author has merged himself altogether in the personality of the fictitious narrator when he states that there was "*no occasion in it . . . except that a hoarse and tumultuous figure thought fit to carry a torch of war . . . down among the workers, utterly breaking the goodwill that till then had reigned.*" This is no true presentment of the "Larkin Strike."

The author has more faithfully depicted the age-long struggle between the Seekers after the "shadow" and the "substance" in Irish Life.

Mr. Figgis has been at some pains *more suo* to impress Irish idiom on his style, and to put it in the mouths of his puppets. The effect is not always convincing. The Hare family talk at times after a fashion which reminds one more of the Abbey Theatre than of the average domicile. No doubt, the author will reply, it is thus the speech of Dublin families sounds to him. As the author paints what he sees, so the writer pens what he hears. Many excellent apothegms abound, especially from the tart tongue of Jeremiah Hare. With a typical specimen to whet curiosity and to stimulate purchase this review may fittingly conclude: "*Out of every war there came a bunch of heroes whom everybody threw up their caps to, and then flung on the scrap-heap out of the road, while they bowed down before the other men who came out fresh as paint with handsome fortunes.*" 'Tis true, 'tis pity. WILLIAM DAWSON.

History.

IRELAND: Elements in her Early Story from the Coming of Ceasair to the Anglo-Norman Invasion. By Seán Ua Ceallaigh. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1921. 10*s.* 6*d.*

IRELAND AND THE MAKING OF BRITAIN. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1922. 20*s.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES UNTIL 1920. By Mary Hayden, M.A., and George A. Moonan, B.L. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1921. 20*s.* net.

AT a moment when the *Fine Gaedheal* is reaching out towards "the destiny greater than any telling which God has in His mind" for it, it is fitting that we Gaels, ourselves, and the whole world with us,

should be reminded on how secure a foundation our faith in that destiny is based. We believe in our future by reason of our past.

Very opportunely then come three important historical works to expound Ireland's past, to show how it came about that a little nation, single-handed—and single-hearted—has been able to do such great deeds for God and humanity, and how wonderfully that nation has been preserved, through sufferings and combats unparalleled, to do like deeds for the same causes in the years to come.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly's book condenses into ten pregnant chapters the results of many years' researches in the field of Irish History. An eminent Irish scholar, a distinguished thinker, a proved patriot, Sceilg has brought to his work very special qualifications—and not the least of them that "wholesome conceit of native institutions" which, as he himself demonstrates, exacts "a high standard of merit." He has painted, with competence and enthusiasm, the Ireland out of which proceeded the Columcilles, the Columbans, the Galls, the Furseys, and countless other pioneer saints, whose missionary labours "laid the corner-stone of western culture on the Continent of Europe." He helps us to realise better what manner of men these were by making us familiar with the land from which they came: the social and material conditions amid which they grew up, the traditions on which they were nourished, the moral and cultural standards which they carried with them from their home training. It was not "out of wind" that these men acquired the qualities which make the record of their labours one of the most marvellous chapters in the history of human achievement. It is the particular merit of Sceilg's work to show just *how* they were developed.

Mr. Benedict Fitzpatrick's book covers, to some extent, the same ground. The "earlier half of a work describing the efforts of mediaeval Irishmen to establish civilisation in continental Europe as well as in Britain following the downfall of the Roman Empire," it deals with the activities of Irishmen in Britain, and shows Ireland as the "maker," and teacher, and civiliser, and "foster-mother" of the *insula barbara* to her left. It has been described by its publishers as "challenging," and it certainly does throw down the gauntlet with a superb gesture to all holders of what Mrs. Green once called "the permitted view of Irish History," viz., that which represents the Irish people as a race of wild and lawless nomads, sunk in brutish barbarism, until the civilised English came along to teach them how to live. Mr. Fitzpatrick proves—and proves out of the mouths of Englishmen themselves, Bede, for example—that the relations between the two neighbour islands

were the direct reverse. It was Ireland, wealthy, highly cultured, aristocratic in her traditions of conquest both spiritual and military, caring supremely for the things of the spirit, that for centuries did her best to raise the English from their "ancient barbarism," their "secular degradation." "As long as England remained really England its people looked . . . to Ireland for that sustenance and support without which its uncertain civilisation might never have come into being, or might have died almost at birth." His book deals, on the one hand, with the military conquests and settlements of the Irish in those portions of Britain, now called Scotland and Wales, and, on the other, with the religious and cultural triumphs in these same regions, and in England, of "the great Irish spiritual proconsuls," like Columcille, Adamnan, Aidan, Finan, Fursa, Maelduf, &c. It is a great story, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has told it with much *verve*. What he has given us makes us long for what he has still to give.

Miss Hayden and Mr. Moonan have essayed the extraordinarily difficult and delicate task of compressing the whole of Ireland's "crowded" story into five and a half hundred pages. They have written, we imagine, more for students preparing for examinations than for the general reader, and their work has some of the defects as well as the merits of the *genre* "text-book." The authors modestly claim "originality only for the manner of presentation, the method of arrangement and the general treatment." All these are deserving of the highest praise. Mr. Moonan is responsible for the section of the book dealing with "Gaelic Ireland," and "Gael and Norman," and the very excellent chapters on Irish Literature, which are a feature of the work. Miss Hayden tells the story from 1520 to 1920. She has performed the remarkable *tour de force* of writing an "up-to-date" Irish History—which makes no mention of either President Griffith or ex-President de Valera, and never once includes the words *Dáil Eireann!* HELENA CONCANNON.

CELTIC IRELAND. By Eoin MacNeill, D.Litt. Dublin: Martin Lester. 1921. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

"ANCIENT Ireland has a singular place in the history of Europe. In ancient Ireland alone we find the autobiography of a people of European white men, who come into history not moulded into the mould of the complex East, nor forced to accept the law of Imperial Rome." So in his Preface does Dr. MacNeill express that uniqueness of early Irish history which, with its sphinx-aspect, has deluded so many inquirers past and present, inspiring the Phoenician school of the Vallanceys, presenting itself to others as an invariable Golden

Age ; in others, who were sound scholars in their own field and from the English angle, evoking a sort of repugnance as for something barbaric, incredible and inexplicable.

Dr. MacNeill has magnificently kept his northern head, and refused to rush down any steep places of enthusiasm, theory, or repulsion. What is most true is most wonderful to him, and the picture which he presents of early Ireland—a picture presented with a pleasing hardness and clearness, with perfect critical balance, and a patience which is his real genius—gives us a truer satisfaction than anything we have read, on a subject where he is now the admitted master.

Dégagement et Reconstruction is the double task which faces every enquirer into primitive custom, in every land, and nowhere is it so necessary as here. While filling in the giant sketchwork of an O'Donovan or O'Curry, MacNeill has also to demolish the judgments of a Richey or a Joyce, who though they did excellent work in their day, and though they often knew that they did not know, felt it due to their reputation to pronounce, and pronounce heavily, on every point of Gaelic law and custom which puzzled them. We wish that it were a case of "slaying the dead," but we hardly expect for the present to see gone from Irish histories those convenient falsities—excuses for ignorance, so apparently all-explaining —"the nomadic Irish," "the tribe, the clan, the sept," "the Irish communal system," etc. Dr. MacNeill devotes four skilful, if all too brief, chapters to these.

Fascinating, for an earlier period, are his chapters on "Synthetic Historians" and "Where does Irish history begin?" But for a theme at once fascinating and baffling most of us will turn at once to his section on "The Book of Rights"—a book which, to our bitter reproach, has remained untouched since O'Donovan published text and translation seventy years ago. MacNeill has flashed the light of modern research on "the most important State document of any mediaeval country west of Byzantium," as Ridgeway has called the Book of Rights. He reveals, if he does not exhaust, the great figure of Brian Boramha as a deliberate State-maker, aiming deliberately at a true, and for Ireland, a new Monarchy, an aim written clear in this *Leabhar na gCeart* and in his title in the Book of Armagh—"*Brianus Imperator Scotorum.*" How enormous are those tributes which the Book of Rights records ! From twelve tributary states in Munster alone were due to the King of Cashel, *inter alia*, over eleven thousand head of cattle. Were these paid or payable every year ? Dr. MacNeill does not tell us, but admits that they were "due" rather than actually

paid, after the manner of many modern State taxes. The poet of the Connacht section, however, says : " The tribute of the Luighni is to be brought hither every May Day." If this applied all round, it answers our query. But we note in O'Donovan's edition, though MacNeill does not touch on it—after the recital of the tributes due to the King of Leinster, when *not* King of Ireland, from the Dublin Danes—the words : " Every third year the above tributes are paid, except the Great Tribute to the King of Erin." Did this apply to others beside the Danes ? Was this Great Tribute the same as that paid to every High King on his circuit round Erin at the beginning of his reign, and did he actually, as MacNeill says, get the national tributes only once in the course of his reign ? We hope some time for further elucidation from Dr. MacNeill.

The maps, intended to illustrate the period and the political framework which Dr. MacNeill treats of, have never before been attempted ; and though we regret they are so small, they will be found very helpful.

The publishers of *Celtic Ireland* are to be congratulated on producing Dr. MacNeill's work in a type and format pleasant to read and to hold. E. CURTIS.

THE JESUITS, 1534-1921. By Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. New York : The Encyclopedia Press. No date. $6 net.

FATHER T. J. Campbell is already well known by his useful and widely-read historical works dealing with the Church and the Society of Jesus in North America. In the present volume he has essayed a task more difficult than any that has yet engaged his pen—one, too, the discharge of which was an urgent *desideratum*. A general history of the Society of Jesus, written in English, had long been wanted—a history calm and impartial, written with that degree of sympathy which is needful for good history—a true history, not an excited pamphlet of attack or defence. Now, Fr. Campbell's volume lies before us, and one can with pleasure hail it as a satisfactory response to the demand which called it forth. Both friends and enemies will find here an honest and very readable record, comprehensive as far as its 930 pages will permit, of the doings and fortunes of a body of men that seems, by an odd fate, to be at once the most talked-of and the most absurdly misrepresented of human institutions.

We will not, however, indulge in the pleasing flattery that Fr. Campbell's is a faultless piece of historical work. He has hardly, it would seem, given himself time to produce a masterpiece : there are many signs of haste. Yet perhaps we are not doing justice to

the penultimate labours involved in such a history as this of a Society whose records exist in a vast mass of matter, both printed and manuscript, of that Society's multifarious enterprises, missions and establishments, of its wide range of intellectual, artistic and educational activities, of its close and varied relations with men of all colours, creeds and classes, of its enemies and its combats. It is not surprising if a synthesis of such very miscellaneous and abundant material should show some lack of proportion and balance, if a hurried succession of names and details should sometimes oppress the reader, like a well-sustained hailstorm, leaving him gasping and bewildered. See, for example, the entire chapter headed "The Two Americas."

Fr. Campbell must certainly be praised for having kept far aloof from that worst of styles—*le genre ennuyeux*. He is very effective in some parts of his story, *e.g.*, the pathetic and monstrous aspects of the Suppression of 1773. On the other hand, he may be reproached with lack of dignity, repose and charm—old-fashioned qualities to which he evidently prefers a more journalistic appeal. Bourdaloue's sermons are spoken of (following Ste.-Beuve) as "an eloquent and daily drive at Pascal"—which is hardly what an English Ste.-Beuve would write. We hear of "the out-and-out defenders of St. Alphonsus," and (elsewhere) of "St. Liguori"—which is no better, we should say, than "St. Loyola" or "St. Xavier" would be. Perhaps the least admirable stylistic peculiarity, however, is the waste of space on useless adjectives: "famous," "illustrious," "splendid," "very eminent," and (most of all) "great," are epithets constantly recurring, and usually question-begging or otiose.

Among other signs of haste and imperfect revision we remark some repetitions: thus at the end of Chapter 17 we are given a summary of Clement XIV 's brief of suppression, with a few comments, and then follows in Chapter 18 the brief itself nearly *in extenso*, with some further comments. We are also told in two different places of the remark attributed to Clement: *Questa soppressione mi darà la morte.*

The chapters stand to each other, as regards their subject-matter, in no logical or easily-understood connection. One of them will group facts in simple chronological order: another will arrange them about a single topic, *e.g.*, "Literature," another about places, *e.g.*, "The Two Americas," another about persons, *e.g.*, "Pontiffs and the Society." One chapter takes for its sole theme Choiseul; another embraces in vast sweep the 160 years "from Vitelleschi to Ricci!" Proportion and order have evidently not seemed to the author matters of moment.

Needless to say, many minor slips may be detected in a work of its kind: they do not call for notice here, and we may confidently expect their disappearance from the carefully-revised second edition which (we trust) will soon appear.

It is a book whose peculiarities and short-comings bear no proportion to its merits and the deserts of its author. It is a book to be added to every library. It has elicited the essential elements of a complex and difficult story, set them forth fairly, and approaches the reader in a form that both catches and retains the reader's attention. To not many books, dealing with such a subject, can so much praise be given. G. O'N.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN IRELAND. Part I. The Civil Policy of Henry VIII. and the Reformation. By Constantia Maxwell, M.A. London: S.P.C.K. 1921. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

Miss Maxwell in this little book publishes extracts from about two dozen documents "to illustrate more important aspects of the Irish policy of Henry VIII. and the course of the Reformation in Ireland in the sixteenth century." The selection has been made from Catholic and Protestant writers, but the greater part is derived from English State Papers. Miss Maxwell has, therefore, to warn the reader to bear in mind that "almost all writers of the period were animated by a good deal of religious and political prejudice." She might even have gone further and added that English agents in Ireland thought less of giving a true account of the state of affairs than of pandering to the prejudices of English ministers in London, on whom their promotion depended. Thus it happens that even the highest English officials in Ireland do not hesitate to report to London what they must certainly have known to be utterly false. For instance, at a time when there was not a single Jesuit in Ireland, Sir John Dowdall writes to Lord Burghley, 9 March, 1595:—

> Every town is established with sundry schools where the noblemen and gentlemen's sons of the country do repair; these schools have a superstitious or an idolatrous schoolmaster, and *each school overseen by a Jesuit*, whereby the youth of the whole kingdom are corrupted and poisoned with more gross superstition and disobedience than all the rest of the popish crew in all Europe (p. 56).

Some years later, when there were very few Jesuits in Ireland, we read that "the country *swarmed with Jesuits* and Rome-runners, who ministered to the people and preached sedition," a statement which Miss Maxwell in her well-written Introduction seems to accept as correct (p. 14). Had she utilised the *Ibernia Ignatiana* of the late Dr. Edmund Hogan, S.J., she would have detected the exaggeration quickly.

On the whole, therefore, this little book is less suited for pupils than professors. The documents are too few to give anything but a very incomplete picture of events. They touch, however, upon the cardinal incidents of a stormy and intricate period, and would thus serve admirably as theses to be refuted or defended, as the case might be, by a lecturer on Irish history. JOHN MACERLEAN.

Poetry.

I BHREASAIL : A Book of Lyrics. By Daniel Corkery. Dublin : Talbot Press. 1921. 5*s.* 6*d.* net.

THOSE who know Mr. Corkery's beautiful prose will have expected sooner or later a volume of his poems. It has come, but nothing could be less in the line of succession to his prose. Remembering the beautiful prose, one was disappointed at first with the homeliness of much of the verse, but it grows on one. There are thoughts behind the homeliness of poems that might be sung in the fairs by a ballad-singer, and that are often as artless as the ballad-singer's stock ; they are things which a man might make for himself sitting by his door at twilight, looking out over the bog, that are worth other people hearing. Later on in the book Mr. Corkery is the man of letters, and there he challenges comparison ; but the verses which make the book belong to the man himself and show us another side of him from that we already know. His prose is in the succession of English romantic prose, whether he likes it or not ; the best that is in his verse was made in the Irish, which is to say that Mr. Corkery is bilingual in his expression.

There is very seldom the felicity of phrase which suddenly snatches the reader from earth. The nearest he approaches to it is in such a poem as "The Gypsies," and the following one, "The Peasant." There is a real sincerity in many of the poems, an effort to see and to make see, which is like a wood-carver hacking and hewing images, now rough, now fine, sometimes incomplete, sometimes over-laboured. These are the gypsies he questions :—

Whither, O gypsy waggon
Lumbering by ?
This night so soft with summer,
So dim, so shy.

Wild headlong creatures, whither
This night of rest ?
O whining axle, whither
In endless quest ?

What is it—rag or treasure—
So wrapped about,
From clime to clime you hurry
With lamp hung out ?

Sanctuary lamp or signal,
Half dead, unclean,
All one its eye of crimson
Or emerald green ?

Above and round it baggage
Rumbling along
To the endless beating
Of a desert song.

The whole poem does, I think, what it aims at doing. "The Peasant" begins well, but one is not sure of the ending, of its certainty or its sincerity.

After all, it is quite natural that we should pick out to represent the best the book contains something which is entirely in the Irish tradition, indeed taken from the Irish. This is in the line of Edward Walsh and Callanan :—

To the night that is gone, farewell! And oh, that 'twas only to-night
He coaxed me up on his knees, so tender and winning and bright.
And surely I'd tell you my tale, but I know you would tell it again ;
My love he is fled, he is fled! Oh, God and Mary, my pain!

In my heart it is rising now, a sorrow so wild and so great,
I could fill my shoes with the tears that fall from me early and late.
Withered and sick and angry with love to be loving him still!
Shall I live any hour if he go to the Dark Woman up on the hill?

My garden is wild with the weeds ; oh, my love, 'tis but little I care
Though the apples drop from the boughs and, kissing, lie rotting there.
And gliding at eve through the village the music of harp or of bird
Enters not at my ears since you left me with never a word.

They are saying now 'tis the fate of all beautiful women to be
Wandering and strange, and they laugh as they say it, looking at me :
Wandering and strange indeed I wander by day and by night,
And I eat the fruit of the sloe as though 'twere a feast of delight.

Mr. Corkery's verse in this book shows no sign of competing with his prose ; but it is individual, it has moments of beauty ; and there is always interest in looking into the mind of a poet, even if his highest expression lies in prose. KATHARINE TYNAN.

MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By Moira O'Neill. London : Blackwood. 1921. 5*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF one were out to make a bull, one might say that *More Songs* should have preceded *Songs of the Glens*, because *More Songs* would have prepared us for the beauty and completeness of the *Songs*. There can have been few volumes of verse more perfect within its limit than *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, few more beloved and praised. I think of only one other, *A Shropshire Lad*. A. E. Housman obstinately refused to give his one book a successor, though he must often have been urged to it. He was wise perhaps. *A Shropshire Lad* belonged to a mood of youth which could not be repeated nor spun out. Moira O'Neill's *Songs* had the freshness of the morning Glen in the Spring. Perhaps she has waited too long to give the book a successor. Anyhow, good as it is, it is not the old vintage. There is nothing here to equal "Corrymeela" or "Johneen" or "Cuttin' Rushes" or the "Old Song" which begins

Where are ye from? From the green hills of Erin?

though there is the old knowledge and insight and sympathy and

charm in some of the new Songs ; but she competes with herself, and it is a difficult competition. In the case of one perfect and complete first book it may be as well to follow a difficult counsel of perfection and leave very well alone ; unless, indeed, one strikes out a new path altogether. It seems ungrateful to belittle this bunch of fragrant and witty and tender and racy songs. Many of them might have appeared in the *Songs*, and would have been in their place there, though not in the first place. Here is one of the new Songs ; and there are as good or better, but this does not step into its radiant place by the side of " Corrymeela " and the rest :—

ONLY ONE.

There's five an' fifty islands maybe, take the world aroun'
An' the sun he be to light them all afore his goin' down ;
But when he looks on Ireland 'tis then he shines the best,
An' he wants to see no other an' he sinks into the West,
For the sun would sleep beside her in the West.

There's many a lough in Ireland, an' one I know is small,
An' a little house beside it where the childher run and call,
An' wather there an' heather there, an' sorra thing to see,
But a quare an' lonesome place it is that holds the girl for me.
She's walkin' by the lough-side an' thinkin' long o' me.

If I'd step up the loanin', the childher they would fly ;
They're very strange in them parts where no one's passin' by :
They'd scatter out like *pettericks* an' hide among the heather,
Their sister standin' by the door an' in we'd go together,
To spake the word would aise our hearts—the two of us together.

Then why go heavy-hearted, man, an' why live here your lone ?
The sun he loves a green isle, but keeps the sky his own ;
He's down in love this evenin', he's far away the morn—
A man will lave his fancy an' the place where he was born ;
Aye, a wheen things behind him in the place where he was born.

But for all that the best does be still and ever one.
Oh, ne'er another Ireland can smile beneath the sun.
For all the loughs in Ireland, for all the glens there be,
The one lough, the one glen, the one girl for me—
She's walkin' by the wather-side an' thinkin' long for me.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST. The words procured by Gregory Thornton. Sydney : Angus & Robertson. 1920. 3s. 6d.

" THE Spirit of William Shakespeare, sore vexed of them who say that in his Sonnets he writ not from the truth of his heart but from the toyings of his brain, and that he devised but a feigned object

to fit a feigned affection, herein maketh answer, rendering as best a shadow may that rhyme wherein he was more excellent in the living body." Such is the superscription of this collection of twelve sonnets, printed at Adelaide and published at Sydney. It is curious to find the ghost of Shakespeare delivering itself (or himself) to the world through the medium of far-away Australian brains, pens, and types, and still rhyming to the world of his loves, errors and wrongs at this late day of the world's history—a tribute, surely, to the great dramatist's enduring and omnipresent vitality ! Sydney has done honourably in re-capturing so much of his vanished spirit. Incidentally, the vexed question of the Sonnets is once again held up to the light ; we will not say brought nearer to a solution. How illusively well the Shadow speaks may be best, perhaps, judged by the quotation of one sonnet—one not outstanding in merit from amongst the rest :—

> I writ how once I wander'd from thy side,
> Serving the strong suggestions of my blood,
> Only to prove from worse things vainly tried
> How far more precious grew thy sum of good.
> If I so lov'd thee, what is my defence,
> That thy dear love fail'd then my steps to stay,
> That idle hours were idly given to sense,
> And soul forsaken at the call of clay ?
> O let love grant excuse ; my sensual part
> Dwelt ever far from pure untainted thee ;
> It held no conversation with my heart,
> Nor, us'd or check'd, could be thine injury.
> If once it triumph'd, carrying me away,
> It stole but earth ; my soul did with thee stay.

A book commendable to lovers and students of Shakespeare.

G. O'N.

Politics.

THE EVOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT. By A. F. Pollard, M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A. London : Longmans. 1920. 21*s.* net.

The title of this work is somewhat misleading. It suggests the usual dryasdust historical survey of the evolutionist school—that is, a reiteration of all the old events with a causal instead of a time link holding them together. As a matter of fact Mr. Pollard's book is quite different from this. It is a masterly piece of suggestive and constructive work, which even constitution-makers with an eye to the future can use with advantage, and which they cannot afford to ignore. A glance at the last chapter, dealing with the future relations of the colonies to the Mother Country and suggesting instead of the present Upper House, a chamber representative of colonial opinion, will show the truly constructive purpose of the whole book. It is written in the same spirit as Viscount Bryce's

Modern Democracies, and evinces the same strong hold on the great permanent underlying forces as opposed to the ephemeral facts or phenomena of political history.

But we must admit that it is when handling history as such that Mr. Pollard is freshest and most enlivening. For instance, a highly speculative chapter on Montesquieu's doctrine of "the Separation of Powers" adds little to our views or information; but Chapter V., on the Fiction of the Peerage, and Chapter X., on Parliament and the Church, are delightful and invigorating studies. We do not agree with everything in the second of these two discussions, but we cannot help quoting the following:—

> The strife was ever between English secular courts and Catholic spiritual courts, and the evidence all points to the natural conclusion that English churchmen took their stand by the Catholic Church. Any other attitude has only been made to appear plausible by reading back into the middle ages the conditions of later times when the hold of nationalism over Englishmen's minds had immensely strengthened and the hold of catholicism had correspondingly weakened; and the unhistorical creation of a national church in the middle ages is the offspring of a desire to give the authority of antiquity to a conception which seeks to make the best of both ages, and to combine in the Anglican Church of to-day the medieval advantage of freedom from the state with the modern advantage of freedom from Rome. That two-fold liberty is by no means an impossible or an unworthy ideal, and the historian's only objection is to the claim of such an achievement to be a conservative or reactionary reproduction of medieval conditions. Similar arguments from an imaginary past have been used to advance the causes of liberty, socialism and nationalism, and most reformers have decked out their principles of progress with prehistoric plumage.

This is delightful badinage, and good argument as well.

Mr. Pollard possesses a vigorous style and a great facility for generalisation, and it is to these two qualities that we are indebted for the numerous valuable apothegms and antitheses that adorn his book. For instance—"as a minority dwindles its attachment to fundamentals develops"; "the revolution of 1688 weakened the king but strengthened the crown"; "medieval liberties were large but their recipients were few"; "it would be easy to strangle a society with liberty and property." He often interjects these generalisations into complex discussions, and they always help to light up the scene. They lend a great charm to his book. Of course he has his preconceptions in religion and politics; but they rarely intrude, and sometimes (as on pp. 213-215) he hits out on so many sides that no man could say whom he is fighting or for what he is contending. For this reason it would be difficult to preface any chapter with a motto or sum it up in a thesis; but he is always down amongst the realities, and for that reason there is not a dull page in his book. Mr. Pollard has succeeded in writing one of the most instructive and enlivening studies in history of recent years.

MICHAEL CRONIN.

VERS LE ROI. Souvenirs des milieux politiques, littéraires, artistiques et médicaux de 1908 *à* 1914. Par Léon Daudet. Paris : Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 1921. 7 fr.

Léon Daudet's account, in his sixth volume of reminiscences, of the development of the royalist movement in France in the years previous to the war, due to the vigorous polemics of the Action Française, provides very entertaining reading. He is a vivacious writer, and his pages abound in personal anecdotes and vivid sketches of his contemporaries. He makes it abundantly clear that the brain of the movement has been that of Charles Maurras ; indeed his genuine loyalty to all his co-workers compels us to an indulgent judgment of himself.

Viewed, however, as a serious contribution to the history of France during these years, considerable reservations must be made. Daudet's attitude of mind is a very simple one : to accept all his friends as heaven-sent geniuses and all his opponents as unspeakable cads. All the talent of France, all the eloquence, all the chivalry is in the royalist ranks ; all the turpitude lies with the Republic. When he has an audience with the Duke of Orleans—who is generally accepted as the weakest spot in any royalist intrigue—the tears, he tells us, rise to his eyes in the presence of such intelligence, such nobility of soul, such goodness of heart, Yet the only remark of Monseigneur's that is recorded for our benefit is that he said, " Allons déjeuner !" On the other hand he does not hesitate to record, with easy flippancy, that Karl Marx is quite unreadable and that Bergson is a tenth-rate philosopher.

The book, slight and gossipy as it is, will probably come as a revelation to many readers of the extent to which, through all those years, there was an open and deliberate effort being made to win Frenchmen away from their allegiance to the Republic, an effort in which, under the leadership of Maurras, a number of distinguished writers and journalists took part. That on the whole the Government should have left the conspirators—for they were nothing less—at liberty is much to its credit. Communists and Socialists to-day are in prison in many countries for far less. V. M. C.

Studies in Literature.

EURIPIDES AND SHAW, with Other Essays. By Gilbert Norwood. London : Methuen. 1921. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

True wit has been defined as a capacity for seeing resemblance in dissimilarity. And if this be a correct definition, Professor Gilbert Norwood, who selected *Euripides* and *Shaw* for comparison, certainly

has wit in a high degree. It would be hard to find two playwrights with less in common. Euripides was "the most tragic of the poets," a melodramatist through and through, with an infinite capacity for heartrending scenes and tense emotion, all done into polished verse, that could draw tears in a Sicilian stone-quarry. There is not a really emotional scene in the whole of Shaw, even in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Full of cleverness, he lacks real dramatic power. He might be justly called the "least tragic of the dramatists." "Shaw begins where melodrama leaves off," says Mr. Norwood, with great truth. That is to say, he begins where Euripides leaves off.

It may be admitted that Euripides questions much that was gospel to Aeschylus or Sophocles, the divine doctrine of revenge for instance, just as Shaw questions much that Shakespeare or Charles Dickens (or for that matter, Professor Huxley) would have taken for gospel. But it is quite wrong to set down Euripides as an unbeliever, or to liken his mentality to that which Shaw attributes to himself in such a passage as the following, cited by Professor Norwood :—

LOUIS : You're on the wrong tack altogether. I'm not a criminal. All your moralizings have no value for me. I don't believe in morality. I'm a disciple of Bernard Shaw.

SIR PATRICK : Bernard Shaw. I never heard of him. He's a Methodist preacher, I suppose.

LOUIS (*scandalised*) : No, no. He's the most advanced man now living : he isn't anything.

Of very few Greeks in truth could it be said : "He isn't anything." One might write two very interesting essays on the misconceptions entertained by Renaissance men about the Greek point of view, and the misconceptions entertained by modern men about the Renaissance point of view. Shaw and Huxley are probably as far away from Leo X. or Erasmus, as Leo X. and Erasmus from an Athenian of the classical period. If Euripides, as an attacker of conventional moulds of opinion, were to be compared to any modern English writer, a comparison to Chesterton would be more in point. So far from "not being anything," Euripides appears to have been a deep student, not of a new morality, but of a religion differing from that of the State, in his time the common religion of numbers of the educated, the *Orphic* religion. Hence his attitude towards the older Olympianism, which other dramatists, with one eye on the priest of Dionysus dozing on his marble, had prolonged beyond its time. Euripides' greatest play, the *Bacchae*, seems to be an exposition of the same line of ideas.[1]

[1] The writer wishes to express the assistance which he has received on this point from that brilliant scholar, Mr. Michael Tierney, M.A., assistant professor at University College, Dublin.

In the treatment of female character Shaw often comes nearest to Euripides, though Euripides is very far from the cynical attitude of the Dubliner. Imagine what a *Medea* by Shaw would be like. It is a pity that Professor Norwood has taken the title of his book from the Euripides-Shaw essay. The following essay on the "Renaissance of English Drama," even though full of an exaggerated cult of Ibsen, is far more interesting and is in many ways valuable. His third essay on "The Nature and Methods of Drama," follows his master, Aristotle, in being over-mechanical in method, though it is very often suggestive. At first sight Professor Norwood's methods are startling. General propositions about "Aeschylus, Sophocles and Granville Barker," and the like, abound. This is something like a comparison between Mt. Everest, Mt. Blanc, and the Three-Rock Mountain. But, after all, if we had not the experience of climbing the Three-Rock Mountain, we could never realise Mt. Blanc even to the small extent we do, and Mr. Norwood by this strange method, by maintaining the unity of the public stage in all ages, gives a life and reality to the great dramatists that is lacking in most of their modern commentators. With him you always get the sense that a play *is* a play and not a peculiarly printed book. He gives our own Synge his full share of praise. In dealing with many topics, too, he has a happy sense of humour that is very illuminative. His description of "pre-Shaw" England, the England of Dickens, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and *Punch* is happy.

England is the heir of all the ages and the centre of space. From London there is a slight fall to the provinces, and then again to Scotland and Wales, with a deep but isolated depression to mark Ireland. The level falls rapidly as we come to "foreigners," among whom the French have a bad pre-eminence. Farther down the slope are Germans, Americans, and then the rest of Europe. Thus at length we reach the dim collections of humanity known as "natives," whose territory provides the Englishman with a species of drill-hall in which to exercise his celebrated bull-dog virtues and enjoy to the full the luxury of patronizing people who can never annoy him by rivalry.

Even the greatest of the popular writers were not untainted by this childishness. The more free an author was from it, the harder was it for him to gain a high reputation in his own day; Carlyle is an example, and Shelley above all. In the work of those who really struck the imagination of their contemporaries, in writers like Macaulay and Tennyson, there is a tone of gentlemanly arrogance, of urbane self-satisfaction, which impels one to echo Sydney Smith's wistful remark: "I wish I were as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." A. E. C.

DANTE STUDIES. By Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt. London : Milford. 1921. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

BRITAIN'S TRIBUTE TO DANTE IN LITERATURE AND ART. By Paget Toynbee. London : Published for the British Academy by Humphrey Milford. 1921. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

SCRITTI VARI PUBBLICATI IN OCCASIONE DEL SESTO CENTENARIO DELLA MORTE DI DANTE ALIGHIERI. Per cura della *Rivista di Filosofia Neoscolastica.* Milano. 1921.

THIS new series of Dante Studies by Dr. Toynbee contains, besides numerous notes on disputed readings and interpretations, and curious pieces of information about the history of Dante's works, several longer articles of much interest. "Dante and the *Cursus*" explains the structure of rhythmical prose in medieval Latin, and applies it as a test of authenticity to the disputed *Quaestio de Aqua et Terra.* We are given an account of Boccacio's famous commentary, public lectures delivered in Florence in a period of about three months, for which the lecturer received fifty gold florins—exactly the same sum, be it remarked, as Petrarch bequeathed to him with an apology for its smallness to buy himself a warm coat for his studies on winter nights. There are articles on English translations, illustrations, and editions of Dante in the eighteenth century.

The information contained in these, and much besides, is conveniently indexed and summarized in the second volume under review. Its sub-title is "A Chronological Record of 540 Years, *c.* 1380-1920." This very lengthy list of references to Dante in English literature, and of Dante students, critics, translators, editors, illustrators, during the period mentioned, is made easy to consult by a preliminary table of Leading Dates and a double index. These two volumes will be a valuable instrument of work for Dante students.

Dr. Toynbee notes, amongst other things, how Dante has been invoked as a precursor of the Reformation, and that several of his works were placed on the Index. Some of the articles in the very varied *Scritti Vari* are directed towards vindicating Dante's unimpeachable Catholicity, and his poem as "the most luminous hymn to the Christian and Catholic faith that has been sung in the ages since the Redemption." These words occur in Chiocchetti's article, which takes exception to Benedetto Croce's view that Dante's poetic power is shown merely in episodes and in the adornment of his thought ; the critic upholds the truer view that the whole is poetic as having been fused in the crucible of the poet's mind. Crispolti and P. Gemelli, O.F.M., in quite other connections, also

insist that we do less than justice to Dante if we lose sight of the warm humanity pulsing through his most recondite thought and most abstract allegories. P. Cordovani, O.P., in the "Ways of God in Dante's Philosophy," shows how Dante had assimilated the deep content of the Catholic system. P. Busnelli, S.J., and Krebs both discuss Dante's relation to Scholastic philosophy and both disagree with Nardi's views, at least in their extent; Krebs gives some interesting points as to the actuality in Dante's day of certain topics.

Lastly, Gabrieli attempts to destroy Asin's thesis as to Dante's direct indebtedness to Islamic sources; but his article, while suggesting all desirable caution, hardly carries conviction. In several instances Asin's assertions go no farther than Gabrieli's admissions. Gabrieli writes almost as if to admit Islamic influence were to deny that of Virgil and the Bible; he brushes from his path striking resemblances in structure and expression with no reference to their place in a cumulative proof; he seems to argue in a circle when, following D'Ovidio, he says that undoubtedly the West was full of Eastern thought, but that to determine its influence on Dante we must confine our study "to what was within our poet's visual scope." How can we moderns measure that? It has been said that the better we know the Middle Ages, the better we shall know Dante; both Asin and his critics throw new light on what may have been within the visual scope of medieval thinkers. M. R.

Theology and Scripture.

THE MORALITY OF THE STRIKE. By Rev. Donald A. McLean, M.A. New York: Kenedy. 1921. $1.75.

A TREATISE on the Morality of the Strike is altogether opportune just now. Every day we read of strikes and rumours of strikes. The resulting inconvenience and loss are taken for granted, and on the whole endured with admirable resignation. But the anxiety of constantly living under a shadow of impending economic collapse is fast becoming intolerable. In such circumstances we cannot be surprised that men's minds are more swayed by prejudice than by reason. Naturally employers, as a class, and a large section of the general public can see nothing but evil in strikes, while workers labouring under a sense of injustice are not disposed to set any limits to the employment of what they regard as an effective weapon in the struggle for right. As long as one side will insist on outlawing the strike, we must not be surprised if the other side at times displays some of the recklessness of the outlaw. It is only when we are

prepared to admit the lawfulness of strikes in themselves that we shall be in a position to speak with effect of the unjustifiable excesses which sometimes accompany them.

We have reason, therefore, to be grateful to Father McLean for his absolutely impartial attempt to define the moral position of strikes. It would be too much to expect that either side of the interests involved would accept his conclusions without reservation. But at least the conclusions are set forth clear and well supported, and if the ordinary moral guides of the people only try to master and apply them, we may hope to see them bearing fruit in gradually diminishing the animosities of industrial conflicts.

I do not think that anyone will find reasonable grounds for disagreeing with the author's conclusions in reference to the industrial, including the sympathetic, strike. It would make for clearness, however, if accuracy in arranging the arguments were more closely attended to. For instance, it is correctly maintained that a strike may be lawful even when the strikers are already receiving the minimum living wage. Yet he sometimes argues for the strike simply on the supposition that the strikers were striving for a living wage. Besides, as is made clear in another context, it does make a great difference sometimes whether the strike is for a living wage or for some other advantage which the strikers have a right to contend for.

In dealing with the general or political strike, the author is on more difficult and less certain ground. For that reason students of the subject will find this the most valuable portion of the book. Nevertheless, for that reason also, I should not be surprised if it were just this portion which would provoke most criticism.

There is nothing original in the treatment of the subject. But the author shows that he has a firm grasp of the moral principles bearing on strikes and a thorough acquaintance with pertinent economic conditions and relations. I see no reason to disagree with the belief expressed by Dr. Ryan in the introduction, "that the moral judgments set down in Father McLean's book will safely endure the test of any competent analysis." J. K.

MYSTERIUM FIDEI. De augustissimo corporis et sanguinis Christi sacrificio atque sacramento elucidationes L. Auctore Mauritio de la Taille, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. 1921. 50 francs.

A HANDSOME volume of close on 700 pages, printed on good paper, adorned with eight reproductions of the works of early Flemish painters and one of a Paris stained-glass window, this new treatise on the Blessed Eucharist will gladden the hearts of theologians,

giving proof as it does that their science is not without its due honour even from publishers. The style and arrangement of matter, too, are calculated to make the reading easy. The author's main theme is proposed with true French clarity on the upper part of the double-columned page, while underneath, in added notes, there is an accompaniment, as it were, of further explanation and illustrative citation.

But why a new work on this subject, which has surely not been neglected hitherto by theological writers ? The explanation is that the solutions given by the writers of the last three centuries of certain questions connected with the Mass have not given the author satisfaction. This is quite intelligible. Theologians of repute have differed widely in explaining what makes the Mass a real sacrifice, and how it is related to the sacrifice of Calvary. And few will maintain that any of the explanations given set the mind completely at rest. Father de la Taille (at present professor in the Gregorian University at Rome) proposes a different solution from those already offered—we must not say a new one, for the professor with great learning expounds the Fathers of the Church, ancient liturgies, and many of the older theologians in a sense favourable to his theory.

Briefly put, Father de la Taille's position is this. He rejects the well-known view of Lugo and Franzelin that the Mass is a true sacrifice because Christ, the Victim, is reduced to a state in which He cannot, naturally, exercise the functions of His sensitive life. This view, we are told, errs by excess. There are two chief objections against it : one, no real change does or can take place in Christ ; and the other, that if this theory were true the Mass would be a sacrifice altogether independent of the sacrifice of the Cross. On the other hand, the opinion of Vasquez and Cardinal Billot errs by defect. According to them the Mass is a sacrifice because essentially it is a representation of the sacrifice of Calvary. To this the objection is that a representation or symbol merely does not constitute a real sacrifice. A third view, that of Lessius and Billuart among others, would place the essence of sacrifice in the Mass in what might be called a *conditional* slaying of the victim, inasmuch as the two forms of consecration tend of themselves to separate Christ's body and blood, which separation, however, is in point of fact impossible. In answer to this Father de la Taille raises a subtle point about the interpretation of the phrase *vi verborum*, and urges in the second place that an immolation which would take place under hypothetical circumstances, but does not, is no real immolation.

His own explanation unites what he considers true in the theories

of Billot and Franzelin. He maintains with the former that we make no real immolation of Christ in Mass, but admits with the latter that the mere identity of the Christ on our altars with the Victim once offered in real sacrifice is not sufficient to constitute the Mass a sacrifice. Something else is required, and this something else is found in the permanent state of victim which Christ assumed when He offered Himself in sacrifice on Calvary. The idea is that in the Christian sacrifice there is one immolation but repeated offerings of the immolated victim. Offering and immolation in sacrifice are not always distinct, but may be. And the offering of a victim for immolation or of a victim immolated is the essence of a sacrifice—*oblatio hostiae immolandae aut immolatae.* In the Mass, then, there is no immolation of a victim ; no change is wrought in Christ ; there is only a symbolic representation of Christ's death. But the Mass is a real sacrifice, because there is a real, sensible offering of a truly immolated Victim, Who remains a victim for ever. Christ remains a victim for ever because His immolation was permanently accepted by God and a seal set on it by His resurrection and ascension. A victim retains its status of victim as long as it remains incorrupt and unchanged. This is explained by reference to the language of the Fathers and above all to the Epistle to the Hebrews.

This is not the place to go into this theory in more detail or to examine it critically. Nor can a brief review do justice to the many other interesting questions dealt with in the course of this very able work, which will give new stimulus to the study of the great *Mysterium Fidei*, the sacrifice and sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ. H. A. J.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CHURCHES. Being Vol. III. of the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures (N.T.), issued under the editorship of Rev. C. Lattery, S.J., and Rev. J. Keating, S.J. London : Longmans. 1921. 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE Westminster Version was begun some ten years ago, and since then has been appearing at intervals in separate sections. It is, therefore, not new to the public. Nevertheless, as the volume before us is the first completed volume of the work, we think it well to call attention once more to the merits of this Version.

In the presence of a new translation of the Scripture the average reader will ask the natural question—in what respects is it an improvement on our approved Catholic Doway[1] Bible ? A full answer to that question would lead us very far afield. But to such a legitimate question an answer of some kind should be essayed.

[1] Variously spelled Doway, Douay and Douai. The New Testament portion of this Version is frequently referred to as the Rheimish Version.

In first place, then, the text we read in our Catholic New Testaments is based on a translation made in 1582. That was, on the whole, a careful and faithful translation. But, to begin with, the English of the sixteenth century is not the English of the twentieth, and then the language of the Doway Bible was not even good sixteenth century English. It was full of Latinisms in word and construction, and it was not infrequently obscure and even unintelligible.[1] True, our present texts (I say "texts," for at the present day there is no one standard text, and the various texts in use differ widely from one another) are not simply the Doway (or Rheims) version. That version has been revised again and again. But only one of the revisions was a serious attempt to modernize and correct, and that revision was made 170 years ago, viz., by the great Dr. Challoner, in his three editions, 1749, 1750, 1752.[1] And when all is said, a revision, however thorough, is not a new translation. So dissatisfied are a certain group of English Catholics at the present day with the current Catholic version, in its various forms, that the proposal has seriously been made to discard that version altogether and adopt the Protestant Authorised Version. The proposal was formally made in a paper read by Canon William Barry at the Catholic Bible Congress in Cambridge last July. It is advocated in a trenchant article contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review* by Mr. J. Herbert Williams. In favour of the proposal it is contended, in the first place, that the A. V. "represents the noblest, the simplest, the most eloquent expression that the English language has ever attained, superior even to the diction of Shakespeare. . . . It is a sincere and scholarly version, produced by men of the required learning." Its "theological slips" are few and easily detected. On the other hand, according to the same writer, "Douay faithfully reproduces the blunders of the Vulgate, and adds to them as many, or more, blunders of its own." The few instances which he adduces in support of this statement are striking enough, but do not fully bear out its sweeping character. Moreover, "besides its errors in translation, the Douay Version abounds in bad and ungrammatical and misspelt English." In the same number of the *Dublin Review* there is an article by the distinguished Oxford scholar and convert, Prof. J. S. Phillimore, putting forward the thesis that "the Rheimish version of 1582 [he leaves out of count subsequent revisions] is a beautiful and admirable piece of English, with a peculiar literary interest of its own"; that the Rheimish Version is in many respects superior to the A. V.,

[1] *Pace* Prof. J. S. Phillimore in the *Dublin Review*, 1922.

being nearer to modern spoken English, less quaint, less archaic, less unfamiliar in diction, less often misleading.

In Ireland we are but slightly interested in this controversy. But whatever is to be said on one side or the other, certain facts stand out plainly. The language of 1582 is not our present day speech—that is clear. Moreover the Doway or Rheimish Version is undoubtedly a translation of a translation : it is not an original English version : the original reaches us through two mediums instead of through one only.

In the next place scholarship has made enormous strides since the days of Dr. Gregory Martin and his helpers, and even of Dr. Challoner. To say nothing of other advances, the discoveries in Egypt, beginning about 1894, of vast quantities of literature, dating from New Testament times and in New Testament Greek, has profoundly modified the state of our knowledge as regards the language of the New Testament and the social life of the first century. [1]New light has been thrown on the meanings of a great number of words and expressions in the New Testament. Our grammars and lexicons of New Testament Greek have had to be largely re-written.

Now the Westminster Version is, in the first place, an entirely fresh translation in modern English.[2] It is, in the second place, a translation direct from the original Greek, and that from a far more perfect Greek text than was available to the Doway translators or to any of the subsequent revisers. And, in the third, it brings to bear on translation and notes the accumulated findings of modern scholarship. The reader of average intelligence can test the result for himself. Let him read any one of St. Paul's epistles, first in an ordinary Doway Bible, then in the Westminster Version. I should be surprised if he did not find the epistle far more intelligible in the second reading.

So much for the bare translation. But there is much more to be said for the Westminster Version. Editors and publishers have combined to produce a New Testament in which little or nothing

[1] "To call it any longer," wrote Cardinal Wiseman, "the Douay or Rheimish Version is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified till scarcely any verse remains as it was originally published. And, so far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned, the changes are generally for the worse." *Essays on Various Subjects*, p. 75. Yet, at all events, as Dr. Bernard Ward writes, it was "at least intelligible and written in the language of the day, which can hardly be said of the original Doway." Introduction to St. Luke's Gospel, p. xxxvi.

[2] We are, of course, aware that there have been other new Catholic translations of portions of the N.T., such as that by Dr. Lingard and that by Fr. Spencer, O.P., but there is no complete Catholic translation of the whole N.T.

has been left undone to make the Scriptures pleasant to read and easy to understand for the English-speaking reader of to-day. The text itself is no longer cut up into arbitrary, if useful, verses and chapters.[1] It is printed in paragraphs, the articulations of the thought being indicated by headings and sub-headings. The notes, though brief, are far and away fuller than in any of our ordinary Catholic Bibles, and are explanatory rather than controversial. There are valuable introductions, indispensable to modern readers of documents so remote in time and circumstance and in certain ways so difficult. Lastly, there are useful Appendices dealing with special points.

It is not our intention, nor indeed our rôle, to criticize in detail the renderings. That task must be left to critical recensions in such reviews as *Biblica* and the *Revue Biblique*. To one point we may call attention as being within the competence of the ordinary critic. I have spoken of this version as being in modern English. The term calls for some qualification. Its style is not quite that of to-day,[2] retaining, as it does, a certain antique flavour. Thus it keeps, throughout, the old forms of the second and third persons singular —hath, doth, thinkest, wast. It regularly uses the second person singular—thou, thee, thy. And there are forms like "ye," "mine own," "yea," to take a few examples at random. This in no wise interferes with the intelligibility of the text. One cannot, however, help feeling that at times the more literary, and no doubt more elevated, word is chosen instead of the more familiar, to the loss of the less educated reader. This, however, is a minor point, and many will be of opinion that the dignity of the sacred text should be a paramount consideration. S. J. B.

Shorter Notices.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGIONS. By Maurice A. Canney, M.A. London: Routledge. 1921. 25*s.* net.

Professor Canney has had the courage to prepare and present an *Encyclopædia of Religions* which confines itself to 400 quarto pages. Let it be said at once that his book (price and other circumstances considered) must be pronounced a useful one. Its wide and accurate learning, its fairness of presentation will earn it a welcome from a great number of people who cannot afford a bigger and dearer work on the important field of study it comprehends. Fixed to no definite standpoint, it affords a curious view of the shifting sands of human speculation on religious matters. Here and there abruptness and brevity hardly allow a clear outlook. Details sometimes obtrude themselves in place of general truths. An example is found

[1] These have, however, been retained in the margin.

[2] As compared, for instance, with such versions as *The Twentieth Century N.T.*, *The N.T. in Modern Speech*, and *The N.T., a New Translation*, by James Moffatt.

in the article "Immaculate Conception," which is more likely to bewilder than to enlighten the average inquirer. The religious orders and congregations of the Catholic Church are discussed or omitted with a rather curious casualness. Thus, we look in vain for the great Order of the Trinitarians. There are no Redemptorists, though we may light on "Ligorians," no Vincentians, though we find "Lazarists." The Gilbertines—the only Order founded by an Englishmen—are not mentioned; nor are any Oblates; nor the Visitation nor the Annunciation Orders. St. Joseph is not tabled, nor any Order called after him; nor is St. Columba, nor Iona, nor Lindisfarne—names that mean so much in the religious and general history of Western Europe; nor is the Holy Ghost, nor any Order called after the Holy Ghost. Oddest perhaps of all, there is no entry under Deacon or Deaconess or Nun. Whether there are similar defects in the wide areas opened up by non-Christian religions we have not been at pains to enquire; doubtless other critics will devote thereto fitting attention. While considerable improvements may be looked for in future editions, the work as it stands may be commended as a help towards important knowledge. G. O'N.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT AND THINKERS: Introductory. By C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A.
CATHOLIC THOUGHT AND THINKERS: St. Justin the Martyr. By the same.
CATHOLIC THOUGHT AND THINKERS: Erasmus of Rotterdam. By Maurice Wilkinson. London: Harding & More. 1920-1921. 5*s.* each.

FR. MARTINDALE has set out to re-catholicize the intellectual background of the average English reader by a series of monographs on Catholic thought and thinkers; and we wish him and his collaborators every success in the undertaking. Nothing is more characteristic of the English-speaking world (and we are still, whether we like it or not, part of that world) than the tendency to read history in the light of Protestant theory; to date all progress from the intellectual revolt of the Reformation. The continuity of Catholic thought throughout the ages is, only too often, lost to our view. St. Augustine and St. Thomas are mere names. In the short *Introductory* which he has written for the new series, Fr. Martindale attempts to re-tell in modern terms the story of that continuity. It is a story which must of necessity suffer in the telling, for Fr. Martindale has only 160 small pages at his disposal. But he has contrived to pack a wonderful amount of suggestive writing into that small compass; and, though the sentences are often overweighted with allusion and implied meanings, and though the perspective is sometimes puzzling, the book is a real stimulant of thought and gives good augury for the future of the series. The two other volumes which have so far appeared are each of considerable interest. Fr. Martindale has a good subject in his sketch of the way in which St. Justin first tackled the relations of the revealed truth to Greek philosophy; and Mr. Wilkinson, though perhaps a little too apologetic in tone—I use the word in its double sense—has written a very readable account of Erasmus.

I should like to make one protest. To judge by his *Introductory*, Fr. Martindale has little liking for the Catholic Renaissance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. For him the Middle Ages are—and rightly—the acme of Catholic intellectual endeavour. But he is hardly fair to the men of the sixteenth century, whom he presents as essentially imitative.

I should have preferred an attempt to estimate more fully the value of a school of theology which assimilated the essential thought of Humanism, just as St. Augustine assimilated Neo-Platonism and St. Thomas Aristotle: an attempt recently made in brilliant style by M. l'abbé Brémond in an introductory volume to his *Histoire littéraire du sentiment religieux en France*. But Fr. Martindale seems here to be out of sympathy with his subject, and

has written some very unconvincing pages. Curiously enough, though he dwells on the mystical side of Catholic thought, the *Spiritual Exercises* are nowhere mentioned in his book; and on p. 108 Jansenists, Jesuits and Oratorians are placed in a perspective which, I venture to think, would have been equally disagreeable to all three. Let us hope that in the actual execution of the series this important phase of Catholic thought will be adequately presented. For we have little fear in predicting that *Catholic Thought and Thinkers* will have a wide influence in that campaign for a fairer presentation of Catholic truth which English Catholics are just at present carrying on with well-merited success. A. G.

DE DEO UNO ET TRINO. Auctore Eduardo Hugon, O.P. Paris: Lethielleux. 1921. Pp. 500.

Fr Hugon's book is the first of a series of dogmatic treatises which are, on the one hand, to be a commentary on the *Summa* of St. Thomas, and on the other to develop the positive side of dogma. The order of the matter is that of the articles of the first part of the *Summa*. Terms and concepts are lucidly defined: various opinions, errors and heresies are succinctly put; adversaries, down even to most recent times, are refuted (an example of this is the author's treatment of the theosophy of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Annie Besant). Particularly useful is the manner in which the theological "note" of each assertion is accurately given from ecclesiastical documents. The whole book is remarkable for its clarity.

We must confess, however, to have found the patristic and scriptural sides of the work not quite satisfactory. We should have liked, for instance, a more profound and perhaps more exact treatment of the Processions of the Divine Persons from the Greek Fathers. Nor do we consider the Scriptural and patristic exposition of the author's view of Predestination very convincing. A comparison of his arguments from St. Paul with those of Cornely, Lagrange, and Prat, in the contrary sense, seems demanded, but would in our opinion hardly confirm his thesis. The same, we think, holds for his arguments from St. Augustin, especially after Cardinal Franzelin's commentary in theses 51-53 of his *De Deo Uno*.

We think that the library of every theological seminary should possess Fr. Hugon's book. The Thomist will have an able defender, the non-Thomist a sincere and dignified adversary. J. H.

VICTOIRE DE SAINT LUC: A MARTYR UNDER THE TERROR. By Mother St. Patrick. With Foreword by Rev. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Longmans. 1920. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

This neat volume presents another of the numerous chapters that have lately been written out of the records of the French Revolution and its fierce assault on Christianity. The special story here told is that of a truly noble and Catholic soul which after a fine career of self-abnegation and usefulness won its triumph on the scaffold. If Victoire de Saint-Luc was a type of a class and a conflict, she was also something more engaging: her own personal story, as presented in these pages, is one that may well win and hold our attention. The biographer is careful about her facts and has the gift of expressing their inner soul. Those who are interested in the important modern religious movement in favour of "retreats" for all classes may here read how the movement was zealously and ably pioneered a hundred and thirty years ago. G. O'N.

MARIE-THERESE COUDERC: Foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 1921. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

In this little volume the history of the work of Retreats is carried a generation farther on. The Cenacle, of which Marie-Thérèse Couderc was foundress,

is consecrated to that work of evangelisation by means of the Exercises of St. Ignatius to which Victoire de Saint-Luc had earlier devoted her life. With this, however, resemblance between the two biographies may be said to end. Victoire de Saint-Luc had been an aristocrat: Mère Marie-Thérèse was a true representative of the French peasantry. The career of the one flashed out into early prominence and swift conclusion; that of the other was, for a foundress, singularly veiled in a long-enduring cloud of obscurity. Both books are well and agreeably written; but Mother St. Patrick's was the unique product of her pen; Fr. Martindale is a highly experienced writer. His style in this book is sometimes a little restless or even declamatory. As usual, he is highly interested, and communicates to us his interest, in the psychology of his personages. A book which will recommend itself widely and will be read with profit. G. O'N.

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IRISH HISTORY. By Constantia Maxwell, M.A. London: The Historical Association. 1921. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS short Bibliography is an index of more than 500 books dealing with Irish History. Some of them are written from the English point of view, others from the Irish; but the former predominate. A complete bibliography would be very extensive, but even within the limits chosen a more judicious selection might have been made. The present list is as remarkable for its omissions as it is for its contents. Many second-rate books are included, and very many important works find no place in it. This is particularly noticeable in the sections on Ecclesiastical and Local History and on the seventeenth century. What is to be thought of a bibliography of Irish Ecclesiastical History which does not include the works of Lanigan, O'Brenan, Moran, Greith, Kelly, Renehan, Brady, Malone, MacCarthy, MacCaffrey on that subject; or of a bibliography of Local History and Topography that excludes the Diocesan Histories of Reeves, O'Laverty, Cogan, Foley, Monahan, Carrigan, O'Begley, Power, Maguire, or works like Burke's *History of Clonmel?* As for the important period of the 17th century, some twenty of the principal Catholic writers or writings are passed over in silence. The only place where a reason is given for omissions is in regard of works dealing with the period from the Union to the present day, where we are told that "a large number of books on Ireland written since the Union, being political rather than historical in character, are omitted from this list." This line of demarcation is not easy to observe, as the list given abundantly testifies. Why, for instance, should Musgrave's *Rebellions* be included and Mitchel's *Last Conquest of Ireland Perhaps* be excluded; or why should Sir Horace Plunkett's *Ireland in the New Century* be given, and Mgr. O'Riordan's refutation of it be suppressed? Finally, it may be added that writings do not cease to be political rather than historical in character by being included in the *Cambridge Modern History*, a compilation often untrustworthy and always suspect in Irish matters. JOHN MACERLEAN.

LEHRBUCH DER EXPERIMENTELLEN PSYCHOLOGIE. Von Joseph Fröbes, S.J. Erster Band. Herder: Freiburg. 1917. Pp. 631.

THE second volume of this work was noticed in STUDIES, December, 1920. Through some oversight this first earlier volume was not sent by the publishers with the second, and has only lately reached me. As the excellence of this handbook is now generally recognised, only a brief reference to its contents is necessary here.

The scope of the work is limited to empirical Psychology. The author believes that Psychology should begin with investigations of fact, and that the philosophical side of the subject comes logically later. This book aims at carrying the student over the whole field of empirical Psychology, not in

the tidy fashion of an introductory manual, but in a detailed way, and with constant reference to the actual literature. It is clear that both for teachers and students such a book is very desirable.

The present volume, after a general account of the scope, methods, and historical development of Psychology, launches out into a detailed treatment of sensation, the special senses, and sensory feelings (pp. 21-198). The next section deals with images, tonal fusion, perception of space by sight and touch, perception of time and movement (pp. 199-398). A chapter on Ideas gives a useful summary of the experimental work on this subject. In a further chapter some problems regarding perception (*e.g.*, synopsis, apperception, perception of form, illusions of perception), as well as comparison, are dealt with. A fuller treatment is accorded to the psychophysical methods, and to Weber's and Fechner's Law; and there is a useful chapter on mental correlations. Finally, association of ideas is treated at considerable length (pp. 501-605). Controverted questions are discussed in a very fair-minded way, the arguments on both sides being fully and impartially stated, *e.g.*, the dispute between Nativism and Empiricism; and the controversy between G. E. Müller and the Külpe school on the scope of association. J. S.

THE TRAIL OF THE BLACK AND TANS. By "The Hurler on the Ditch." Dublin: Talbot Press. 1921. 5*s.* net.

DEDICATED by "one of yourselves" to the Nonconformists of England, this anonymous work seeks to indicate in narrative form some of the tragic events of "the Terror." Incidents which have become historic, such as the kidnapping of General Lucas, the sack of Fermoy, and other well-known events that happened in the South of Ireland in 1920-1921 are introduced, fictitious names being used. The author neither extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. Indeed, the reports recently appearing in the daily press of the dreadful deeds done during that painful period make more shocking reading than does this book. It is to be desired that it should be widely read, not alone by the class for which it was written (now happily a negligible quantity so far as Ireland is concerned) but by those "loyalist" Irish, Catholic and Protestant, who are still unable to appreciate the depth of infamy finally reached by the policy of the British Government and faithfully carried out by Macready, Tudor, Greenwood and their agents. W. D.

Books also received:

BALL, C. J. · The Book of Job. A revised text and version. (Clarendon Press, 25/-).
BALL, RICHARD · The Better Part. (Sands, 7/6).
BOISSANNADE, P. · Le Travail dans l'Europe chrétienne au Moyen Age. (Alcan, 18 fr.)
CABROL, ABBOT · Liturgical Prayer. Its History and Spirit. (Burns, O. W., 12/6).
CASARTELLI, BISHOP · The Popes in the "Divina Commedia." (Sands, 3/6).
CATHOLICUS · The Claims of Liberal Anglicanism. (Burns, O. W., 3/6).
CLARKE, AUSTIN · The Sword of the West. (Maunsel & Roberts, 5/-).
DALTON, MAURICE · Sable and Gold. A Play in three Acts. (Maunsel & Roberts, 2/-).
DAUCHEZ, LEON · Le Docteur Henry Dauchez. (Beauchesne, 4 fr.).
DELAISI, FRANCIS · Oil. Its Influence on Politics. (Labour Publishing Co., 3/6).
DESMOND, SHAW · Labour: The Giant with the Feet of Clay. (Collins, 10/6).
DINNIS, ENID · Once upon Eternity. (Sands, 4/6).
DOMINICAN FATHERS · The Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. Translation (Burns O. W., 12/-).
DONNELLY, FRANCIS · The Art of Interesting. (Harding & More, 9/-).
DOWNEY, ALAN · The Glamour of Waterford. (Talbot Press, 2/6).
EATON, ROBERT · The Man of Sorrows. (Sands, 6/-).
ELLERKER, M. ST. S. · God's Wonder Book. (Burns, O. W., 4/6).
FORBES, F. A. · Saint Benedict. (Burns, O. W., 2/6).
GILSON, ETIENNE · Etudes de Philosophie Mediévale. (Milford, 6/6).
HARE, SIR LANCELOT · A Study of Exchange. (King, 2/6).
HICKEY, F. P. · Short Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels. (Burns, O. W., 6/-).
HICKEY, MICHAEL · The Clerical Student. (Kenny Press, 6/6).
HIND, ARTHUR M. · The Graphic Arts, New and Old. (Clarendon Press, 1/6).

Books also received—*continued.*

HOOPER, HENRY F. · Dante's Inferno. A New Rhythmical Version. (Routledge, 5/-).
HUBERT, D. G. · Twelve Hours of Adoration before the B. S. (Burns, O. W., 3/6).
HUSSLEIN, JOSEPH · Evolution and Social Progress. (Harding & More, 9/-).
JANSEN, BERNHARD · Die Erkenntnislehre Olivis. (Berlin: Dümmler, M. 35).
JAQUES, GEO. H. · A System of Æsthetics. (Dublin: The Author, 93 Belton Terrace, S.C.R., 12/6).
KALLEN, HORACE M. Zionism and World Politics. (Heinemann, 12/6).
KANE, ROBERT · A Dream of Heaven, and other Discourses. (Longmans, 6/6).
LESEUR, ELIZABETH · The Spiritual Life. (Burns, O. W., 6/-).
LETY-COURBIERE, A. Accords et Préludes. (Paris: "Athéna," 7 fr.).
LOUIS, PAUL · La Crise du Socialisme mondial. (Alcan, 8 fr.).
LOWES, JOHN L. · Convention and Revolt in Poetry. (Constable, 12/6).
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